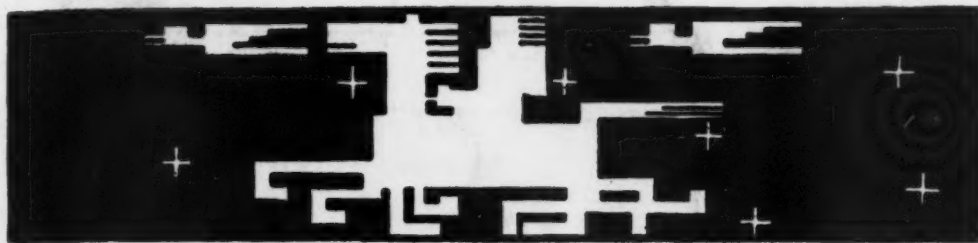


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# THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW

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## The Swedes Are Coming

BY HENRY GODDARD LEACH

IN THE GAY advertisements that relieve the drab text of the American press this spring a new theme has appeared. Its motto is "Swedish styles are chic; dress *a la Swede*." The illustrators who draw these festive pages with frocks adapted from the village dancers of Leksand, of Rättvik, and of Mora enjoy their work, for the models on which they drape their gowns are those wholesome models who inspired the world's greatest etcher, Anders Zorn.

So the word this spring is "Go Swedish." That does not mean "Go native." The Swedes are sophisticated in the highest sense of enlightenment. A farm girl in Leksand can outspell a farm girl in Kansas every time; she can outquote her from Shakespeare; she can debate her to a standstill in proving the fallacy of the philosophy of Marx. For a Swedish girl is apt to be "a little conservative" in the finest sense. She is determined to *conserve* the traditions of the past, the fortitude and integrity of Gustav Vasa, at the same time that she keeps up to the minute in the latest developments of science, art, and athletics. Thus she contributes her part to the poise and rhythm that makes Sweden today a shining miracle among the warring, racketeering, and neurotic nations.

The Postmaster General of Sweden has sent my daughter a set of five new postage stamps commemorating the Tercentenary. They are characteristic of the originality, the solidity, and the gayety of Swedish art. We were reminded of the story my mother used to tell of how she found me a youngster of eight on my knees in front of a rocking chair praying out loud with boyish fervor, "Kind God, please tell somebody to give me more Swedish postage stamps." It is true today as it was



*His Royal Highness Crown Prince Gustaf Adolf*

true then: Swedish stamps *are* the most satisfactory postage stamps. One can tell a nation by its stamps. American stamps are practical and personal. We issue whole series of portraits of our presidents. Sweden memorializes traditions and institutions and allows the artist to exercise his fancy without running riot.

The Swedes indeed are coming. Their Royal Highnesses the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess of Sweden are scheduled to land on the "Ides of June" along the Delaware on the very rocks where the sub-



*Her Royal Highness Crown Princess Louise*

jects of Queen Christina disembarked three centuries ago. The Royalties are twice welcome. They were here before, in 1926, to grace the dedication of the statue of John Ericsson on the axis of the Lincoln Memorial in Washington. Never have royal personages won more respect in this democracy than these guests from Sweden who in their tour of the States sought out first things first—the universities, the art galleries, the museums of science—and won thousands of friends by their gay sobriety.

Art first: the first object the Crown Prince will scrutinize when he sails up the Delaware will be the new monument symbolizing the early Swedish colonists designed by perhaps the world's greatest living sculptor, Carl Milles of Stockholm and Cranbrook, U.S.A. The first to shake his hand may be the President of the United States. For this time he is the guest of the nation and fêted by three commonwealths and official delegations from the majority of the States. His Royal Highness will revisit Old Swedes Church in Wilmington. He will then proceed to Pennsylvania and New Jersey for many ceremonies, and none more intimate than the re-dedication of the graveyard of Old Swedes Church in Philadelphia. A patriotic woman in that parish has devoted the recent years to the beautification there of God's Acre. The monuments of distinguished Philadelphians are scoured and cleaned and surrounded by flowers and made worthy of the art-loving leader of a noble nation. Nowhere in America are the past and the deeds of our forebears more venerated than in Philadelphia. This dignity the Swedes appreciate, for they love continuity. They regard the ancestor worship of the Chinese, who often keep in the home tablets of every ancestor back to Confucius, as the chief insurance of China against invasion. In Swedish homes also you will find ancestral charts dating to the time of Gustav Vasa.

When the Crown Prince was receiving degrees in archaeology from our universities in 1926 I asked an expert from Holland how technical was the knowledge of His Royal Highness in ancient Chinese pottery. He looked me full in the eyes and replied, "Frankly, believe me or not, he knows more about Chinese archaeology than any other man to whom I have shown our collection." Once when I was praising her father for his sober training for leadership in the arts and sciences and physical culture as well as in government, his beautiful daughter Princess Ingrid, now destined to be queen of Denmark, remarked with a whimsical smile, "Sometimes my father seems to me too serious." She did not mean that. For with all his tireless curiosity about the things that are noble and real, the Crown Prince is as kindly and sympathetic as the Crown Princess. Gay humor and Swedish joy of life enliven every situation in which he finds himself. Californians still recall the night of plays and pageants when somewhat before dawn, in response to a skål, His Royal Highness, who drinks nothing stronger than milk, arose to make impromptu the wittiest speech delivered in that assembly of writers and wits.

# The Swedish Tercentenary Lecturers

BY NEILSON ABEEL

THE CITIES OF ANCIENT GREECE are for the most part now nothing more than sleepy villages or barren sites where a few crumbling ruins and the sea, the sunshine, and the mountains form the only links with the past, and though the towers and palaces of Florence still rear themselves in the ambient air of northern Italy, the clear light of the Renaissance day has long since ceased to touch them. The cities of Greece are deserts and those of Italy museums, but their names and the names and achievements of the men and women who made them great are household words in a civilization whose art, literature, and science, whose life and thought, are but an extension and too often but a poor imitation of their own. What we would be today if Plato and Aristotle, Pythagoras and Euclid, Praxiteles and Michelangelo, Galileo and Dante had not lived, no man can tell. Suffice it to say that from their day to this, the world has not known the special conditions which produced within the circumscribed radius of the Greek and Renaissance cities so marvellous a flowering of the human mind.

Modern civilization with its attendant distractions is not able to reproduce these conditions, but possibly something approaching them is apparent in Sweden today. Isolated geographically and spiritually from the ceaseless turmoil of world politics, rich in natural resources, happy in possessing a small and homogeneous population imbued with a common aim, Sweden is the modern prototype of the great city states of the past. The Swede feels he is a citizen of no mean city and is proud of the scholars and technicians who form one of its chief glories and whose numbers are out of all proportion to the size of its population.

The colony on the Delaware whose Tercentenary we celebrate this year obviously possessed some of this pride in intellectual achievement. From the very beginning until long after the short-lived sovereignty of Sweden had passed to others, the colonists and their descendants plead for the ministrations of educated clergymen in the churches and schools which they had founded in the New World. The wise kings of Sweden gladly heeded their pleas and sent out a series of eminent ministers to the churches on the Delaware for nearly one hundred and fifty years after their political dominion had vanished. So great a regard for the spiritual and intellectual welfare of the former colonists

must be indicative of an attitude deeply implanted in the Swedish mind.

It was therefore with peculiar pleasure that the Foundation, itself dedicated to perpetuating the best of Scandinavian cultural attainment for the English speaking world, complied with the request of the Swedish Tercentenary Lecture Committee to arrange lectures at the leading American universities and colleges for the distinguished group of Swedish professors which the committee had already invited to visit this country in the Tercentenary year. The officers of the Foundation felt it could make no contribution to the Tercentenary celebration more compatible with its own aims, or more significant in general, than to carry out the plans for the committee. It is not possible to write in detail of the enormous labors undertaken by Consul General Olof Lamm in Sweden or of Mr. Leach here in setting the machinery of the Lecture Committee in motion. It involved a correspondence by letter and cable covering many months, and a devotion and patience without which ultimate success would have been impossible. Fortu-

nately the principals in both countries were well endowed with these qualities, as well as with the humor so necessary in the conduct of such an enterprise. The work of the committee was transferred to the Foundation office in the autumn of 1937, and it was with a pardonable pride that the Foundation welcomed the first lecturer in the person of Professor The Svedberg, and handed him the schedule of his tour on November 6.

It was most fitting that Dr. Svedberg, recipient of the Nobel Prize in Chemistry in 1926 and professor at Uppsala, the oldest of the Swedish universities, should inaugurate the series of Tercentenary Lectures. He had already been in this country as lately as 1936, when he received the degree of doctor of science at the Tercentenary of Harvard University with the fol-



*Wide World Photos*

*Professor The Svedberg*

lowing citation: "A man who sees beyond the microscope, at his bidding centrifugal forces make giant molecules reveal their size." With a world wide reputation in scientific circles, he had also caught the imagination of the layman through the popular discussion of his "ultra-centrifuge," an apparatus used in his studies of sedimentation under centrifugal force. No stranger to these shores, he embarked on a tour which might have exhausted the most hardened member of the Chautauqua circuit, with zest and appreciation, delivering seventeen lectures in one month. His modest bearing and amiability won the affection of all, and he confirmed the faith of the Foundation and the committee that the Tercentenary Lecturers would be an important and successful part of the Celebration.



*Eli Heckscher*

The yearly award of the Nobel Prizes in science has made the American public conscious of the profound appreciation with which the Swedes follow not only their own technical prowess but that of other countries. Lately the soundness of Sweden's economic structure has focussed attention on the brilliant economists who have contributed so much in their able advice to the government. In any discussion of economics the presentation of divergent views is important. It is therefore significant that two Swedish economists with radically differing viewpoints should come as lecturers. The first, Eli Heckscher, for twenty years professor of economics at the University of Stockholm and now research professor of economic history at the same institution, is a brilliant interpreter of the effect of economic and political forces on the whole trend of social development. He combines a remarkable theoretical knowledge of his subject with a long practical experience in application. For he was appointed secretary of the Royal Commission on Official Statistics in 1906, and from that time forward served on most of the important Swedish economic commissions during and after the World War. He was editor of the two volumes devoted to Sweden in the series on the Economic and Social History of the World

War, published by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. He advocated a speedy return to normal economic procedure in his book *Economic Liberalism, New and Old*, published in 1921, and Sweden in 1924 was actually the first nation to restore the gold standard after the war, a course which he had recommended. His masterly work on mercantilism was published in 1931 and, now freed from the burden of teaching, he is completing an economic history of Sweden. His lectures in this country brought the seasoned mind of an economic liberal to bear on the problems of the time, and his discussions of the recent economic history of Sweden were masterpieces of clarity.

The second economist among the lecturers is Gunnar Myrdal, whose startling book *The Crisis in the Population Question*, written jointly with his wife, created a sensation in Sweden when it first appeared. They had discovered that, whereas fifty years ago in Sweden one out of every three married women between the ages of fifteen and forty-five had a child every year, the same was true of only one out of every eighteen women by 1930. The corollary of this discovery was for Professor Myrdal to press a campaign for economic reforms which would improve the living conditions of all workers in Sweden as the prerequisite for stimulation of the birth rate. In 1936 the government appointed a Population Commission on which Dr. Myrdal has been the moving spirit, and the findings of this commission, although regarded as extremely radical, have been adopted with the support of all political parties. Dr. Myrdal has been since 1935 professor of economics and finance at the University of Stockholm, but he commands a nation wide forum, since he also represents the Labor Party in the upper house of the Swedish Parliament. Still under forty and possessed of indefatigable energy, he is regarded with suspicion in conservative circles. But in Sweden where the government takes advantage of the opinion of experts of all political faiths, reconciling their views for the good of all, he has advised the Departments of Finance, Social Welfare, and Agriculture on innumerable occasions. Professor Myrdal's writings on price fixing, the monetary crisis, public finance, and housing make him one of the most pertinent of the Tercentenary Lecturers. The reforms for which he has fought in Sweden are the same which are now being so heatedly discussed in this country, and his visit among us should prove of the greatest mutual value.

The orderly process of economic and social adjustment would not have been possible in Sweden if there did not exist a healthy and firm determination to accomplish reforms through democratic and constitutional means. It is fortunate that the country has possessed in the

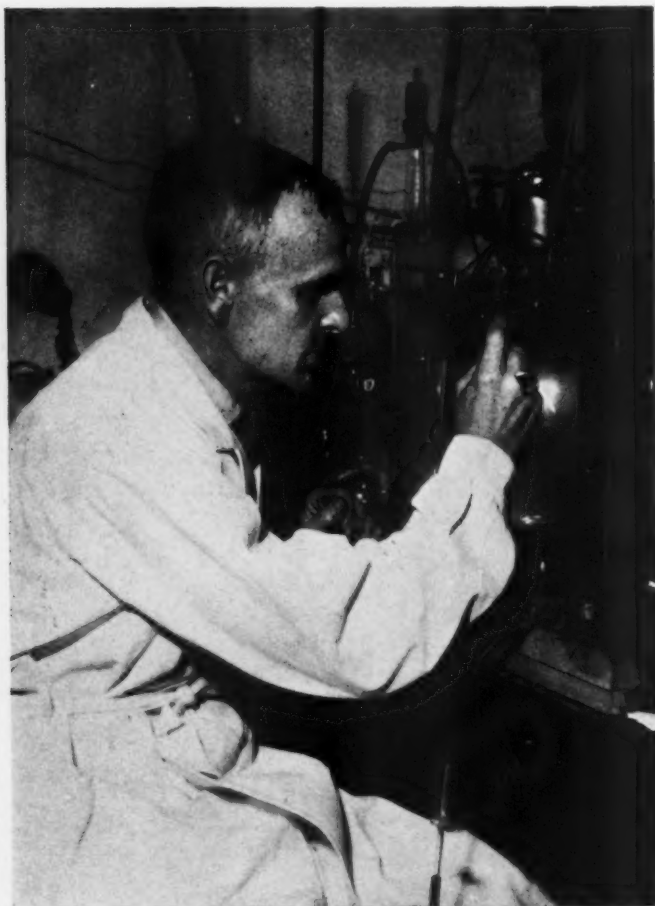
person of Nils Herlitz, professor of law at the University of Stockholm, so strong a devotee of progress under the constitution. An historian by training, Dr. Herlitz is the author of a history of the Swedish constitution and administration, which is used in all the universities. His works on constitutional and administrative law are the standard handbooks of the Swedish Parliament in examining its powers. Professor Herlitz is secretary of the parliamentary committee which reports on the practical application of the laws enacted and drafts necessary changes. Professor Herlitz has been equally firm in his work to have municipal and provincial legislation follow constitutional patterns, and has served on the Stockholm County Council. A convinced believer in the necessity of inter-Scandinavian cooperation, he was a founder of the Norden Society which has been a pioneer in the practical solution of many problems affecting the affairs of the Scandinavian countries. Endowed with the classic calm worthy of a great constitutionalist, Professor Herlitz' Tercenary Lectures will not



*Nils Herlitz*

only be enlightening from the academic point of view, but should be a guide for our own course in troubled times.

No modern science transcends man-made frontiers more than medicine. Advances in the alleviation of human suffering are shared by their discoverers with the whole world and subscribers to the Hippocratic oath are thus bound in a great confraternity dedicated to the help of mankind. The Tercenary Lectures would have been incomplete without representatives of Swedish medicine. Death alone intervened to prevent Dr. Christian Jacobaeus, tireless in his search for new remedies for tuberculosis, from fulfilling the engagements made for him here; illness alone prevented Dr. Gunnar Holmgren, authority



*Einar Hammarsten*

ing, dean of American brain surgeons. Fascinated by the possibility of investigating the nutrition problems of a compact unit of population, he was prominent in the Norrland Survey which took the whole of that province for a laboratory. The emergent facts have had a wide influence on the science of nutrition in Sweden and elsewhere. At present engaged in a study of the frequency of bovine tuberculosis in cattle and in man, he brings to a specialized audience in America new material of immense importance.

The famous Caroline Medical Institute in Stockholm makes its contribution to the Tercentenary Lectures by sending its famous professor of chemistry, Einar Hammarsten, also chairman of the Nobel Prize Committee. Dr. Hammarsten is best known for his work in the field of chemistry of the hormones influencing intestinal digestion and of active substances of the liver and cell nuclei. Lately in collaboration

on diseases of the ear, from keeping his. Two young doctors, already famous in their own fields, however, bear the torch of Sweden. Dr. Arvid Lindau, professor of general pathology and bacteriology at the University of Lund since 1933, has already studied here as a Fellow of the Rockefeller Foundation. His description of angiomatous tumors of the brain, spinal cord, and eye, caused the resultant disease to be named "Lindau's disease" by Dr. Harvey Cush-

with Dr. G. Ågren, who accompanies him, he has made a special study of secretins. Dr. Hammarsten plays the searchlight of knowledge on the dark alchemy of the human body before the scientific groups which he is addressing.

The stars shine with an unaccustomed brilliancy in the Swedish sky and northern nights provide a display calculated to enthuse the student of astronomy. Knut Lundmark, now professor of astronomy at Lund, was filled with this enthusiasm as an undergraduate, and the books of the great French astronomer, Flammarion, pointed the way to his chosen career. Dr. Lundmark wrote his doctoral dissertation at Uppsala on a new theory demonstrating that the star-strewn universe had a thousandfold greater dimensions than had hitherto been assumed. The methods of cosmic measurement devised by Curtis and

Shapley in the United States and by Lundmark in Sweden, which were at first regarded as daring and erroneous doctrines, are now accepted as obvious truths. Dr. Lundmark has not only created new conceptions of the universe, but has explored the farthest reaches of astronomy in his descriptions of exploding stars. He has been a frequent visitor to America and in 1920 he arrived for two years of work at the Mount Hamilton and Mount Wilson Observatories in



*Knut Lundmark*

California. In 1936 he was a delegate to the Tercentenary of Harvard University. Now director of the Observatory at Lund, Dr. Lundmark has come to us as a gifted representative of Sweden on the Tercentenary Lectures, and the Foundation welcomes him as an old friend, for he was once one of its own Fellows.

The humanities are still the cornerstones in any cultural edifice and the three lecturers in this category complete the tale. Dag Strömbäck, professor of Icelandic philology at Lund, traces the minutiae of language to their source and displays the great heritage of Northern culture in expounding the sagas. The Foundation itself has taken some part in making the creative output of ancient Iceland available for the English reader and is fortunate in sponsoring so able a scholar as Dr. Strömbäck.

Dr. Hanna Rydh, sole representative of her sex among the lecturers, is an archaeologist of note. Although in private life she is the wife of Governor Munck af Rosenschöld of the province of Jämtland, she carries on her studies under the name which she has made famous. She is versed in the archaeology of France and South America, but

it is of Sweden that she speaks in this country. With loving care she has delved into the Swedish earth and brought to light hidden facts from the ages of ice, bronze, and iron. The history of Sweden's past is still incomplete, but the perseverance of Dr. Rydh may bring it to completion.

There is no doubt that to the world at large architecture is the glory of modern Sweden. A constant stream of foreign visitors yearly make the pilgrimage to admire the structures of all kinds which bear witness to the flowering of Swedish architecture in the twentieth century. Like most things in Sweden this architecture is of no mushroom growth but



*Hanna Rydh*

the culmination of long historical sequence. Gunnar Asplund, outstanding in the group of great architects which has left so indelible a mark on the towns and cities of Sweden, brings the gospel of this architecture to this country. Ever a believer in progress, the Public Library of Stockholm stands as Mr. Asplund's last important concession to the past, and embodies in itself promise for the future. The designs for the Stockholm Exhibition of 1930 made by Mr. Asplund show that functionalism was to be his credo. He had become convinced of the necessity of accepting the actual position of culture today instead of forever harking back to a past which can never be regained. Since 1930 Mr. Asplund has maintained this new conception of architecture, and it is evident whether in the rebuilding and enlarging of the seventeenth century Town Hall of Göteborg or in the Crematorium at Stockholm now under construction. Honesty and conviction are apparent both in Mr. Asplund's personality and in his work, and there is no doubt that the Tercentenary Lectures have made a contribution of unusual significance by bringing him to this country to set forth his ideas of what modern architecture should be.



*Gunnar Asplund*

The Tercentenary Lecturers so briefly delineated have either come and gone or are now finishing their tours, and it must be recorded how enthusiastically institutions of learning in this country have received them. The Svedberg was given an honorary degree at the dedication of the new chemical laboratory at the University of Delaware, and having lectured there proceeded in quick succession to the University of Pennsylvania, Goucher College in Baltimore, the University of Maryland, Johns Hopkins University, the University of Richmond, Virginia, the University of Virginia, the Bell Laboratories in New York, Bryn Mawr College, the Carnegie Institute of Technology in Pittsburgh, Yale University, and Swarthmore College. Eli Heckscher gave his opening lecture at Vassar College and continued through New England to Yale University, Brown University, Williams College, and Smith College. He returned to New York for a lecture at Columbia University and then left for the University of Michigan

and the University of Chicago. A course of lectures at Columbia University covering a period of two weeks completed his schedule. Gunnar Myrdal, invited to deliver lectures on the Godkin Foundation at Harvard during the month of May, found time also to lecture at the League of Nations Society of Canada at Ottawa, and to attend an economic conference at Princeton University.

Nils Herlitz first addressed the Colonial Dames of America in Philadelphia, delivered a series of lectures at New York University, and then travelled to the University of Maine and Harvard. He paused on his way west to speak at Syracuse University and continued to the University of Chicago, Northwestern Missouri State Teachers College, the University of Missouri, and the University of California where he lectured at both the Berkeley and Los Angeles institutions.

Arvid Lindau began his tour at Columbia University and the New York Medical College and Flower Hospital; next he spoke at the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia, and then journeyed west to speak at the College of Medicine of the University of Illinois, the Mayo Foundation at Rochester, Minnesota, the University of Illinois, the Academy of Medicine of Portland, Oregon, the California Academy of Medicine at San Francisco, the University of California, and just before sailing for Sweden he addressed the Tuberculosis Sanatorium Conference of New York at the Roosevelt Tuberculosis Hospital at Metuchen, New Jersey. Einar Hammarsten, in one month, lectured at the New York Medical School and Flower Hospital, the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia, the University of Rochester, the University of Michigan, the Mayo Foundation, Columbia University, the Harvard Medical School, Mount Sinai Hospital in New York, Johns Hopkins University and the Rockefeller Institute in New York.

Knut Lundmark delivered his first lecture at Smith College and continued to Wesleyan University, Cornell University, the Franklin Institute, the University of Virginia, the University of Michigan, Ohio State University, the University of North Dakota, Reed College in Oregon, the Astronomical Society of the Pacific at San Francisco, and the University of California. Dr. Lundmark then made a stay of some weeks at the Mount Wilson Observatory in California. Dag Strömbäck has been in residence at the University of Chicago as visiting professor during the entire academic year, but has also lectured at Cornell University and Harvard during his stay. Hanna Rydh, although arriving late in the season, lectured at the National Cathedral School in Washington, Goucher College, Mt. Holyoke College, Sweet Briar College, Cornell University, and before the Archeological So-

ciety of Pennsylvania, and the American Association of University Women at Harrisburg. Gunnar Asplund opened his tour at Princeton University, spoke before the members of the American-Scandinavian Foundation in New York, and then travelled consecutively to Bowdoin College, Harvard University, St. Lawrence University, Syracuse University, the University of Michigan, the Cranbrook Academy near Detroit, the University of Minnesota, the Cleveland Museum of Art, Massachusetts State College, and Yale University.

It can be seen from this brief outline that the Tercentenary Lecturers have covered the width and breadth of the country in the course of their travels, nor is it possible to enumerate the number of invitations which could have been accepted for them if time had not been lacking. The generous hospitality and real friendship shown the lecturers by their colleagues at the universities, colleges, and learned bodies which they visited was truly American in its warmth. The amiability and cooperation of the lecturers in adhering to the complicated schedules arranged for them lightened the labors of the Foundation and the Committee to no inconsiderable degree. Nothing stayed these ambassadors of learning from Sweden in the completion of their appointed rounds, and it is an earnest hope that they will return to their own country full of the satisfaction of their accomplishment and fully aware of American appreciation. The Foundation and the Tercentenary Lecture Committee are proud to have been the instruments for bringing them here and, as the days of departure grow near, salute them all.

# The Chr. Michelsen Institute

By BJÖRN HELLAND-HANSEN

The city of Bergen is the seat of a remarkable institution devoted to free scientific research and to the promotion of tolerance and forbearance between nations and races in religious, social, economic and political life. It was founded and endowed by the late Prime Minister Michelsen of Norway, and its full name is the Chr. Michelsen Institute of Science and Intellectual Freedom. Its aims are described by Professor Björn Helland-Hansen, who is the head of the Institute.

## I

**C**HRISTIAN MICHELSEN was born in 1857. When he had finished his university studies he was called to the bar at twenty-two years of age. After some years, however, he abandoned this career in favor of business, especially shipping. He very soon became one of the leading shipowners in Norway who struck out new paths for Norwegian shipping. His alertness and realistic interest in political questions, his acute intelligence and rare eloquence made him well fitted for political life, and while still very young he became a member of the County Council of Bergen and of the Norwegian Storting. His extensive private business forced him to withdraw from the Storting for some years, but in 1903 he agreed to be a candidate again, and the same year he was made a member of the Government. At that time Norway and Sweden were united under one king in a personal union. In Norway, however, there was dissatisfaction with the Union, especially as regards some concrete questions, notably that of our consular representation. Sweden objected to some reforms much wanted by Norway. In 1905 matters came to a crisis. Christian Michelsen became Prime Minister and under his leadership Norway broke out of the Union. In Sweden this was felt to be a severe injury; relations were very strained and the nations were on the verge of war. Negotiations commenced, and owing to the moderation shown by both parties the conflict was settled in a peaceful way. Christian Michelsen realized that good relations between the neighboring countries in the future and peace in the Scandinavian peninsula were not possible without concessions on the part of Norway as compensation to Sweden for the loss of prestige, etc., felt by her on the dissolution of the Union. These concessions (among them demolition of the frontier fortifications) might at the time hurt Norwegian patriotism; but by his eminent gifts of leadership he succeeded in convincing the nation of their necessity. The

result has been that the relations between the two countries are better today than at any time before. We may confidently say that it will be difficult to find anywhere better relations and cooperation between two free and independent nations than now exist between the countries on the Scandinavian peninsula.

The two nations have become friends on the basis of freedom.

Christian Michelsen retired from his premiership in 1907 and afterwards led the life of a private gentleman, but the people always looked up to him as one of the great sons of Norway. He continued to follow domestic and foreign events with close interest and all the problems of the time had his vigilant attention. In 1915—ten years after the dissolution of the Union—he received an ovation from a large assembly, and in his speech of thanks he said in part:

"We must not give over our belief in the great line of progress of humanity. It may often appear difficult to trace, and it is no straight line, but forms large curves and windings. Nevertheless, judged with the measure of thousands of years, it always advances. But we shall certainly have to change many of our old and accustomed views. The ideas of what is necessary in consideration of national honor also need to be reformed. The modern chauvinism as shown by some of the leading civilized nations of Europe must surely be thoroughly revised before we shall see the new time. The morals of the masses and the nations must be lifted up to the same level as those of the individual. The action that would stamp anybody as a dishonorable cad if we committed it as private individuals becomes not only honorable, but completely permissible and even praiseworthy if committed in the misused name of patriotism and fatherland."



*Christian Michelsen*

## II

According to Norwegian conditions, Christian Michelsen was a wealthy man. Many years before he died, he decided to leave the greater part of his fortune to public uses. He considered several alternatives, but at last reached the conclusion that he would bequeath his capital as a collected whole to an independent *Chr. Michelsen Fund* rather than divide it up in several smaller funds for the benefit of various unrelated purposes which all had his sympathy. At one time he entertained the idea of letting the interest of the fund be used to further a universal cultural work for tolerance and forbearance between classes, nations, and races. It is easy to understand that this must have suggested itself to this eminent statesman who had himself done so much to foster peace in this part of Europe. However, it was difficult to provide decisive and lasting forms for such a work, and as he was also of the opinion that the fund would not be large enough to be able to contribute substantially to further such an aim, he took the final resolution that the yield of the fund was to be used to finance an institute for free scientific research, while, however, also this Institute was to be interested in the work for toleration and forbearance. When he died in 1925 he left a will giving further instructions about the investment of the capital and the use of the interest. This testament is a noteworthy document of great human value. According to the provisions of the will a charter for the fund and statutes for the Institute have been set up, the latter having been named the Chr. Michelsen Institute of Science and Intellectual Freedom.

The provisions about the investment of the capital of the Fund differ from what is customary in Norway. One had seen the great revolutions of all values in a number of countries. In some states many public funds had become nearly worthless through inflation. Christian Michelsen held that it would be useful not to invest the whole capital of the Fund in Norwegian State and municipal bonds or mortgage debentures as is otherwise the rule for public funds. "The Board should give attention to the best possible disposition of the values by investing also in sound foreign securities as well as in real estate, industrial undertakings, or ships with a more unfluctuating international value." He wanted to have the values disposed in such a way that if some of them should fall and perhaps be reduced to nothing, others would remain valuable so that at any rate a substantial part of the capital of the Fund might always be preserved. The Fund, therefore, possesses bonds of various states and besides real estate, mines, and shares in private

concerns. According to a cautious and partly considerably reduced estimate, the capital at present amounts to six million kroner.

The seat of the Fund and Institute is in Bergen. It is administered by a board of three members who have full authority within the limits drawn up in the Charter and the Statutes.

### III

The Chr. Michelsen Institute is to be an institution which is in every way absolutely free and independent.

The first aim of the Institute is to associate with itself, and create positions for, research workers who have shown outstanding abilities. It is expressly provided that the work which the Institute promotes must be sought to be carried out on an entirely free and impartial basis, regardless of whether the hypotheses or results at which the research worker in question has arrived, or may arrive, conflict with contemporary opinion in scientific or ethical and religious questions.

The Board appoints the research workers by nomination. The appointment is for five years; the Board, however, is entitled to make exceptions to this time limit. The holders of these positions, named Members of the Institute, shall receive a salary which will render it possible for them to devote themselves entirely to their scientific research work. The salary shall not be below the normal basic salary for ordinary State paid University Professors in Norway and not more than double that salary. It shall not be permissible for them to undertake other paid work except in quite special cases. Their working expenses are covered by grants from the Institute.

Not only Norwegians may be appointed Members of the Institute, but also foreigners. Among these latter, candidates from Sweden, Denmark, and the old Norwegian dependencies are, other things being equal, to be given the preference. In deciding the branch of science preference should be given to the branch in which the best qualified candidate may be had, with priority to (1) Philosophy of religion, psychology, or related branches of science, (2) Natural science, including technical sciences, and mathematics, (3) Medicine. The members are required once a year to submit the results of their work in a public lecture. Such lectures are preferably given in connection with the annual meeting of the Institute, which is held in Bergen on Christian Michelsen's birthday, the 15th of March.

The Institute was inaugurated in 1930. During its first seven years the following branches of science have been represented at the Institute: psychology of religion, Dr. Kr. Schjelderup; mathematics, Dr. Th.

Skolem; geophysics, Dr. H. U. Sverdrup; theoretical physics, Dr. E. A. Hylleraas; practical physics, Dr. O. Devik; and medicine, Dr. K. E. Birkhaug.

#### IV

Besides this scientific research work, the Institute is also, as mentioned above, to have in view a work for the furthering of tolerance and forbearance. This is in accordance with a declaration from Christian Michelsen in his will where he states that he will "call attention to the desirability of having the Institute take up, under those forms which may be found practical, cultural or scientific work for the promotion of tolerance and forbearance between nations and races, in religious, social, economic, and political life. It has been my experience in life that a number of our greatest social evils in the past and the present can be traced to religious, economic, national, and social antagonisms, in which mankind has quite forgotten life's great law of the solidarity of all human interests. It is necessary to impress on all the principle that all our religious, political, and social conceptions are made in our own image, that no religious, economic, or political system has any claim to represent the absolute truth, that human ideals change with the changing times and that no nation, race or religion has any right whatever to force its opinions and systems on others. Should the financial means of the Institute permit and the future reveal practical and effective ways of taking part in a mutual work of culture to fight for these great human values, it would accord with my view of life if the Institute could make its contribution here as well."

Any reasonable and honest work with this aim in view will be of value even if in our days we must not be sanguine about its immediate results. The Board has constantly kept this task in view, but it has not before taken up any independent activity to start a direct work for it as the intention has been. The Board first had to build up the purely scientific research activity of the Institute in accordance with what Christian Michelsen himself found to be most important. Now, however, the time has arrived for the Institute to take up a systematic work with this second chief task. The Board has accordingly engaged as secretary Dr. Edvard Hambro who is an expert on important aspects of international relations, having studied with a fellowship from the Rockefeller Foundation at various American and European institutions. He began his work with the Chr. Michelsen Institute in January 1938.

# Andrew Furuseth

By A. N. RYGG

**A**NDREW FURUSETH reminds us of the old Norwegian fairy tale figure Askeladd, the boy who was poor and despised by all and who nevertheless won "the princess and half the kingdom." Furuseth came here as an obscure sailor, but he too won his kingdom, for he carried to success the work on which he had staked his life. When this "Abraham Lincoln of the Sea" passed from the scene where he had so long been a vital force, all realized that "a prince and a great man had this day fallen in Israel," one of the greatest and most useful in his day and generation, and one of the greatest that it has been the fortune of Norway to contribute to this country. Perhaps it was natural that a nation which for a hundred years has furnished so many competent seamen to America should also provide the leadership when the



*Andrew Furuseth*

fight was taken up for the betterment of the conditions of this important class of people.

Around the life of the grim old fighter a wonderful success story could be written, not of the usual saccharine type in which the hero wins wealth, power, and position, but the story of a man possessing the highest intelligence, character, iron will, and driving force, who divests himself of all personal considerations and obtains glorious results for his cause against the fiercest opposition. In spite of his splendid victories, Furuseth, when he died in Washington last January 22, after a half century of struggle, went out of the world as poor as he had entered it, and this was as he wanted to have it.

Although he talked readily enough on public affairs, the status of seamen, and the legislation affecting them, Furuseth resented any attempt to obtain information about his personal affairs. "What has that got to do with it?" he said when a reporter for a Norwegian paper asked him where in Norway he was born. "Is that anything to ask a man about?" He finally stated that he had been born in Romedal, Hedemarken, an inland district where people are more apt to take to farming than to seafaring. In 1931 he made the following short statement about his early life:

"I was born in Romedal, Norway, on the twelfth of March, 1854. My father was Andreas Nilsen, my mother Marthe Jensdatter. I was the fourth child of eight born to them, six boys and two girls. One of the boys died as a child. We were very poor, and after the age of eight I was fostered away from my parents until I was confirmed. I went to the common school for six years. I then left that part of the country and was for some time clerk in a grocery store. I then joined Det Norske Jægercorps and served for a short period, during which I tried to learn some English, French, and German. Later, I went to sea and sailed in Norwegian, Swedish and other nations' vessels until I came to California. Here I arrived in August 1880. Then sailed and fished salmon for six years until I was elected Secretary of the Coast Seamen's Union. I served for two years, resigned, and went back to sail or fish as best I could. Accepted office again in 1891, served one year, resigned again after one year's service. Again accepted office in 1892 and have served ever since."

Already at his arrival in America Furuseth had thought deeply on the lot of the seamen and early in life had felt himself called to take up the cudgels for his fellows. "I saw men abused," he said, "beaten into insensibility. I saw sailors try to escape from brutal masters and from unseaworthy vessels upon which they had been lured to serve. I saw

them hunted down and put into the ship's hold in chains. I know the bitterness of it all from experience." He had seen over-insured and under-manned ships go down at sea with appalling loss of life, all because greedy owners would not provide skilled seamen to sail them or enough lifeboats for passengers and crew.

In 1885 we find him together with a handful of comrades in a room on the waterfront of San Francisco organizing the old Coast Seamen's Union, which later became the Seamen's Union of the Pacific. It was not long before "Andy" was elected secretary and came to the front as leader. The characteristics which were to stand him in good stead in union politics were his evident sincerity and his ability to command confidence. He always remained in close touch with his men, stuck to his class through thick and thin, never fattened on his position as a union official, but was content to draw an ordinary sailor's wage. His only luxury was books; he was always reading and studying when he had a chance. He was also fond of music.

As a fighting labor leader Furuseth came to take part in many strikes. When a judge in San Francisco threatened to send him to jail for violation of an injunction, Andy was not to be scared. He replied: "You can put me in jail, but you cannot put me into a smaller room than I have always had; you cannot give me worse food than I have always had; you cannot make me any lonelier than I have always been."

Samuel Gompers called Furuseth "the ablest advocate of the rights of seamen in the world." His work was always clear cut and adhered to a definite purpose, and he was fortunate in getting an early start. First he built up his unions in order to have backing and weight. Then, when he felt himself ready, he moved upon Congress, first with a series of smaller bills, then with the comprehensive Seamen's Act which became the law of the land March 4, 1915—the sailors' Emancipation Day. To follow the course of his life is to see what an immense distance forward he has moved the entire seafaring class.

What then were the conditions on board ship that Furuseth set about to remedy when he appeared upon the scene? In Jonas Lie's famous story, *The Pilot and his Wife*, there is given a forbidding picture of life at sea on board an American wind-jammer in those days. There were, of course, many humane and fair-minded captains, but the hell-ships, as they used to be called, were numerous and the cruelties practised on the crews by brutal mates seem now almost unbelievable. Men might be struck down for hardly any reason whatever, sometimes even maimed for life or wounded so seriously that they died

as a consequence. While the black slaves had protection in the fact that they represented property and could be turned into money, the sailor's life and health were his own and the loss fell on himself, if anything happened. The antiquated laws offered no protection against a brutal officer. The worker on land was in a far better position to assert his rights. The food was often poor, insufficient, and ill-prepared; the forecabin where some two dozen men might be sleeping and eating, about as unsanitary and comfortless as can be imagined; and the pay, small.

But if conditions aboard ship were deplorable, they were no less so on shore, where leeches of all kinds, runners, crimps, and boarding masters fleeced the seaman, got him into debt, and then sold him aboard ship to the highest bidder. Shanghaiing, that is the shipping of a sailor when drugged or made drunk, was a matter of common occurrence. These practices had become so offensive that the New York State commissioner of labor statistics for 1894 officially declared that the shipping system in the port of New York was "a libel on our claim of being the foremost civilized nation on earth."

The whole unfortunate situation regarding the sailor was highly detrimental to American shipping, good people hesitating to go to sea and the ships being manned with incompetent riffraff of all nations. The worst feature was, however, according to Furuseth, the fact that a sailor who left his ship could be arrested and brought back and forcibly made to work against his will. This placed the mark of serfdom on him.

In 1890 Furuseth was a delegate to an international seamen's convention in Glasgow. In 1891 he joined Gompers and became a member of the first legislative committee of the American Federation of Labor. By 1893 he felt that he was sufficiently well equipped by his personal experience and his study of social questions to beard the legislators in Washington. When Furuseth first came to the capital, detectives dogged his footsteps. He was regarded as dangerous and as an anarchist. It was several years before he lived down this reputation and was permitted to pursue his fight for the seamen, free from espionage. Furuseth lived to see the day when the shipowners realized that, while he would always drive as hard a bargain as he could, which was his duty to the men, he could thereafter be relied upon to keep his word.

"What did I come to Washington for?" said Furuseth a few years ago. "To lobby, and lobbying is what I have done all these years. Speak before committees of the Senate and the House—get a hearing when new bills were presented, and thereafter to discuss the matter

with the individual members and convince them." He prepared data and submitted pamphlets, of which he was the author. In the corridors of the Capitol, in the committee rooms of Congress, about the hotels and on the streets of Washington, wherever he went, he carried his appeal for freedom. With rare insight he knew when to speak, when to be silent, but his whole personality was articulate with the cry for justice that would not be denied. Beaten again and again, he was only stimulated to better fighting by defeat.

His tall gaunt frame and eagle beak became a familiar sight in Washington. "His face told Furuseth's story," wrote the *Washington-Herald*. "It was a face out of the Norse mythology, lean, wrinkled, hatchet-edged, and always thrust into the wind. It was the kind of face that is not spared ice and salt spray, nor the sight of blood on rough planking, that is not turned aside by less than victory." And yet he was not

all grimness and fighting mood. There could be a certain sweetness about the mouth indicating that he had much kindness in his nature, as one would expect in a man who devoted his life to the service of others. He had in fact a wealth of affection for his fellow men.

The first of the Furuseth bills to become law was the Maguire Act, sponsored by Representative Maguire of California and passed by Congress in 1895. It had been shaved down considerably by its opponents, but constituted nevertheless an important victory for the seamen, as it forbade imprisonment for desertion from vessels running in the



Andrew Furuseth  
Bust by Jo Davidson

coastwise trade. The assignment, or allotment, of wages by seamen in this trade was also forbidden and their clothing could not be attached. This was a hard blow to the crimp.

The next law, which had more teeth to it, was the White Act, passed by Congress and signed by the President in 1898. It contained provisions for better food and for larger sleeping quarters; flogging was made unlawful and severe penalties were prescribed for violations; a majority of the crew could compel the survey of a ship deemed unseaworthy; imprisonment for desertion, except from a vessel in a foreign port, was abolished; a master of a vessel who had suffered the loss of some of his men must fill their places before going to sea; and the allotment system was further restricted by providing that no more than one month's wages could be allotted for the payment of a debt for board or clothing, though wages could be allotted to a wife or other relatives.

These laws brought about a considerable improvement in the condition of the sailor, but Furuseth was not by any means satisfied. He was bound to continue his agitation until the sailors had won full personal freedom and had been placed on an equal footing with workers in other occupations. During these years he served as Secretary and executive of the Coast Seamen's Union. As it was felt necessary to establish a more general organization of seamen covering the whole country, various amalgamations of unions took place and at the convention in New York in 1895 the name International Seamen's Union of America was adopted. The country was in 1899 divided into three districts, the Atlantic, the Pacific, and the Great Lakes, each district having its own autonomous unions of seamen employed on deck, in the engine room, and in the cooks' and stewards' departments. The International Seamen's Union, of which Andrew Furuseth was elected President in 1908, was a Federation of all these unions. It was a far harder task to establish these unions than similar organizations on land, as the sailors naturally are more scattered and often do not have the personal acquaintance with each other that landmen have.

An event which was to have a great influence on the future legislation for the benefit of the seamen occurred when Senator Robert M. La Follette the Elder and Furuseth formed a working combination. In an editorial entitled "Andrew Furuseth and his Great Work" in *La Follette's Magazine* in 1915 the Senator has himself told of their first meeting:

"One morning in December 1909 there came into my office in the Capitol building a tall, bony, slightly stooped man, with a face be-

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speaking superior intelligence and lofty character. It was Andrew Furuseth. He wanted to interest me in the cause of the American sailor. He was a sailor himself, he said, and he wanted to 'be free.' I did not know what he meant. I questioned him. Surely there were no slaves under the American flag. Bondsmen there were—but Lincoln changed all that. And it had been written in the amended Constitution.

"'Yes,' he said, 'but not for the sailor. All other men are free. But when the amendments were framed, they passed us by. The sailor was forgotten.'

"I asked him to tell me about it. Sitting on the edge of the chair, his body thrust forward, a great soul speaking through his face, the set purpose of his life shining in his eyes, he told me the story of the sailor's wrongs. He said little of himself, excepting as I drew him on to speak of the long, long struggle of which he was the beginning, and is now finally the end. He spoke with a strong Scandinavian accent, but with remarkable facility of expression, force, and discrimination. He knew the maritime law of every country; the social condition, the wage level, the economic life of every seafaring nation. He was master of his subject. His mind worked with the precision of a Corliss engine. He was logical, rugged, terse, quaint, and fervid with conviction."

Thereafter until La Follette died, the two men were the closest of friends. The first bill they prepared failed to pass Congress in 1910; two years later the bill passed both the House and the Senate, but failed to become a law because of a pocket veto by President Taft. It was a severe set-back.

During the debate on the bill, Senator La Follette, glancing up to the gallery, said: "Mr. President, of course, I am a landlubber and have to take my tutelage from those men who have been at sea. I shall never be able to express my great obligation to Andrew Furuseth, who for the last four years has called on me almost every Sunday morning to talk with me about this legislation. Andrew Furuseth is a sailor. He is a Norwegian, Americanized, one of the most intelligent men it has been my good fortune to meet. For nineteen years he has been sitting up there in that corner of the gallery waiting to be made free."

It was probably the greatest event in Furuseth's life when Congress passed the La Follette Seamen's Act and President Wilson signed it on March 4, 1915. This virtually completed Furuseth's life work of making the American seaman a free man. Samuel Gompers took Furuseth to see President Wilson in order to have the provisions of the La Follette act laid before the President. "When he sat there before the President," said Gompers, "and told his story in his char-

acteristic incisive Anglo-Saxon vocabulary with vivid directness, he held the President's attention so completely that Mr. Wilson was leaning forward, eager to get the story in its entirety." Whereupon the President put his signature to the bill.

These various laws have proved to be very beneficial and effective and have in the main accomplished their purpose. The American Seamen now have the legal right to quit their jobs in any safe harbor anywhere on earth and have thus become free men. They can no longer be arrested, brought back to the ship, and compelled to work against their will. This has naturally had the tendency to better the pay and to make officers more careful in their treatment of the men, so as not to risk walk-offs. Neither can men on foreign ships coming into American ports be chased by the police and brought back on board. This has had a decided tendency to raise the pay and improve the conditions also on these ships, thus putting American vessels in a better position to compete.

Furthermore, brutality has entirely disappeared. The food is of good quality, well prepared and served, and the sleeping quarters are gradually being improved. A Scandinavian sailor stated recently that the food on Scandinavian ships was of good quality, but that the Americans had greater variety and better cooking and serving. As far as sleeping quarters are concerned, it was the opinion of this man that the Norwegians came first, the Americans next, and then the English. The present superiority of the Norwegians in this respect is to be ascribed to their law of 1916 providing for two-men cabins on all new ships, which they are building constantly. The Americans are somewhat behind, as there is not enough shipbuilding going on and the old ships do not lend themselves to extensive alterations. But the old fore-castle is decidedly on the way out. Clean linen must be furnished to the crews on American ships every week.

Also on shore a great change in the conditions of the seaman has been wrought. He is no longer the victim of all kinds of impositions. The crimp is gone and shanghaiing belongs to the dark ages. It is indeed an immense improvement all along the line in the course of a little more than a generation.

In 1913 President Wilson appointed Furuseth as a representative of the United States to the important London Conference on Safety at Sea and this is said to be the first time he traveled as a first cabin passenger. Previously, when he traveled, he had shipped before the mast working his way whenever possible; otherwise he took steerage

passage. He was also a familiar figure at Geneva, Paris, Rome, or wherever men gathered to draw up conventions, treaties, and laws dealing with the lives of the men who go to sea. He came to be regarded as an authority on the history of man's struggle for liberty.

Furuseth was looked upon as one of the best posted men in the labor movement on the use of injunction in labor disputes. He traced it back to Roman days and frequently warned the conventions of the A.F. of L. on the danger to labor's liberties if the writ of injunction were allowed to remain as a weapon against the attempts of workmen to organize. The valiant old fighter was largely responsible for that portion of the Jones Act of March 5, 1920, which gave to seamen the same right to damages for injuries as the railroad workers already had.

Furuseth was a forceful, intense speaker, using clear and incisive language, and made an impression on any gathering where he appeared. The following, taken from an address delivered to the students of the University of California on Labor Day 1927 shows the ideal that animated him:

"Work is worship—to labor is to pray, because that is to exercise the highest, the divine faculties implanted in us as the sons of God. It matters not if the labor be the writing of a thesis or the digging of a ditch, it is the use of the same divine faculty to labor—to create—and upon its proper and free use depends the life of individuals, nations, and races. Those that have been untrue have shared the fate of the tree without fruit. They have passed away because they encumbered the earth. Those that have been true have lived, and according to history and religious belief they are to live. Let us try to profit by this lesson and so live that labor shall be free, that it shall come into its own."

Furuseth lived for many years in a small house at 59 Beaver Street, San Francisco. One reporter who visited him in that city a quarter of a century ago has recalled the narrow room in a Seamen's Boarding House, its only furniture a bed, a chair, and a rickety table, its window overlooking the docks. He never married, saying that an ordinary sailor was considered an outcast and with the pay he was drawing would have to be either a fool or a knave if he undertook family obligations. Furuseth was often honorary guest of the Norwegian Club in San Francisco, where his picture adorns one of the walls and where the members were delighted to pay their respects to him.

In Washington he had his office in the American Federation of Labor Building, where he could be found attending to his business and

smoking his pipe with great satisfaction. The shelves were well filled with books, indicating a wide range of reading, among them *The History of the Norwegian People* in many volumes, Björnson, Ibsen, Hamsun, Hegna and other Norwegian writers.

After the Seamen's Act was signed, Senator La Follette the Elder one day asked Furuseth, who then had spent twenty-three years in the service of the sailors on the meager wage of a sailor: "When you can no longer work, what provision have you for old age? How much have you been able to lay up against failing power?"—"His keen eye mellowed," said the Senator, "and a placid contemplative expression smoothed out the seams of his weatherbeaten face, as he answered, 'When my work is finished, I hope to be finished. I have no provision against old age, and I shall borrow no fears from time.'"

He often told his intimate friends that the only person who could be really independent was the one who had nothing and wanted nothing—for himself. This explains how he was able to control his vast army of men all through his active life and how his word gradually came to have weight with the shipowners. Though in the early years of his campaign they fought him with all the weapons at their command, they could never find anything in his record that was not absolutely unassailable. He had what the *Washington Daily News* called an "almost fanatical integrity."

It is quite possible, as pointed out by the *New York Times* at the time of his death, that America might have been spared much unrest and that the problem of maritime labor would have been solved in a much more amicable and satisfactory spirit, if his active life had been prolonged. While he had nothing to do with the troubles that have beset American shipping during the last year or two, they must have cast a shadow over his last days. It must have been tragic for the old man to see the structure of seamen's unions which he had reared with so much care torn by dissensions and split into warring factions. Though he kept up his legislative work as long as he was able, and remained president of the International Seamen's Union to the end, the active direction of union policies were of necessity taken over by others.

The disruptions which are manifest today in the shipping world, not only in America but in Europe as well, have nothing to do with that noble structure of laws which Furuseth built up. This structure will stand, firm as a rock, and will be a monument to him in future ages.

Being by birth a Norwegian and coming from an old race of seafaring people where the calling of the sailor had always been respected and where it was the ambition of every boy to go to sea, Furuseth

labored mightily to make sailing on the Seven Seas once more an honored profession carried on by competent and responsible men, in full freedom but under strict and necessary discipline. Nor was he unmindful of the importance to the United States of having at its beck and call a body of men who could be relied upon in time of need.

Furuseth died a famous man, venerated by sailors all over the globe. William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, said that "his death marked the passing of an heroic figure in the labor movement." No less warm and heartfelt was the tribute of the National Maritime Union (C.I.O.) with which Furuseth was in strong disagreement at the time of his death. It is claimed that his first and second "Message to Seamen" still stands as a guide to a program for seamen everywhere. "They are a combination of idealism and practicality which make them invaluable as part of any maritime credo."

During his last illness he had been cared for, as was fitting, by the American Federation of Labor, which also arranged his funeral with much pomp and circumstance. By courtesy of the Secretary of Labor his body was placed on parade in the auditorium of the Department of Labor building. Senator Robert M. La Follette, son of the elder La Follette who had stood by Furuseth during the crucial years of his struggle, delivered the funeral address. Among the honorary marshals was the Minister from Norway Wilhelm Morgenstierne, who presented a message of condolence from his government. There were representatives of the Supreme Court as well as the Senate and House of Representatives. Among the Senators was Henrik Shipstead, a warm personal friend of many years' standing. Furuseth had expressed the wish that his ashes might be taken out in the middle of the Atlantic and scattered on the water. A friend who heard him, wrote the following poem:

#### FULFILLMENT

When I am dead—  
Then take my ashes far from shore  
And scatter them upon the waves,  
For I have loved the restless sea  
And all the years of life I've known  
Were ever lashed by storm and swept  
By lightning flame and driving hail;  
And I at close of day would sleep  
Where all God's wildest storms of Earth  
Shall thunder requiems for me—  
When I am dead.

# The Orpheus of Carl Milles

BY GOTTHARD JOHANSSON

ONE JULY MORNING the hurrying crowds of people on the largest and newest business street in Stockholm were met by a sight which brought them suddenly to a standstill, as if they had been walking in a botanical garden and had come upon a *Victoria regia* that had opened in the night. By the old Haymarket which here spreads out between modern business buildings like a Stockholm Piazza dell' Erbe, with stalls full of vegetables, fruit, and flowers making a sea of color against the classic columns of the grey Concert Hall, the slender figure of a youth sprang up toward the sky and filled the space with the sound from his lifted lyre of ox horn, while at his feet the water played softly around the green, shimmering bronze limbs of a group of rapt listeners. In an early morning hour the covering had fallen from Carl Milles' Orpheus in the presence only of the artist and a few representatives from the municipality of Stockholm. So the city awakened to the possession of its most beautiful public monument—and one of the most beautiful that have been created in modern times in any city.

Like several other works by Milles, the Orpheus group has a long history behind it, and the mighty sculptural group which seemed to the Stockholmers to have been born in a single night, shares with many of the artist's best known works the fate of being in several important respects quite different from that which originally was born in his imagination. The production of Milles is full of such artistic processes of change, often reaching over years and even decades. But rarely or never has the continued process of creation given such brilliant results as the present. The second birth from which the final Orpheus group sprang must be reckoned as one of the greatest creative moments in his artistic career.

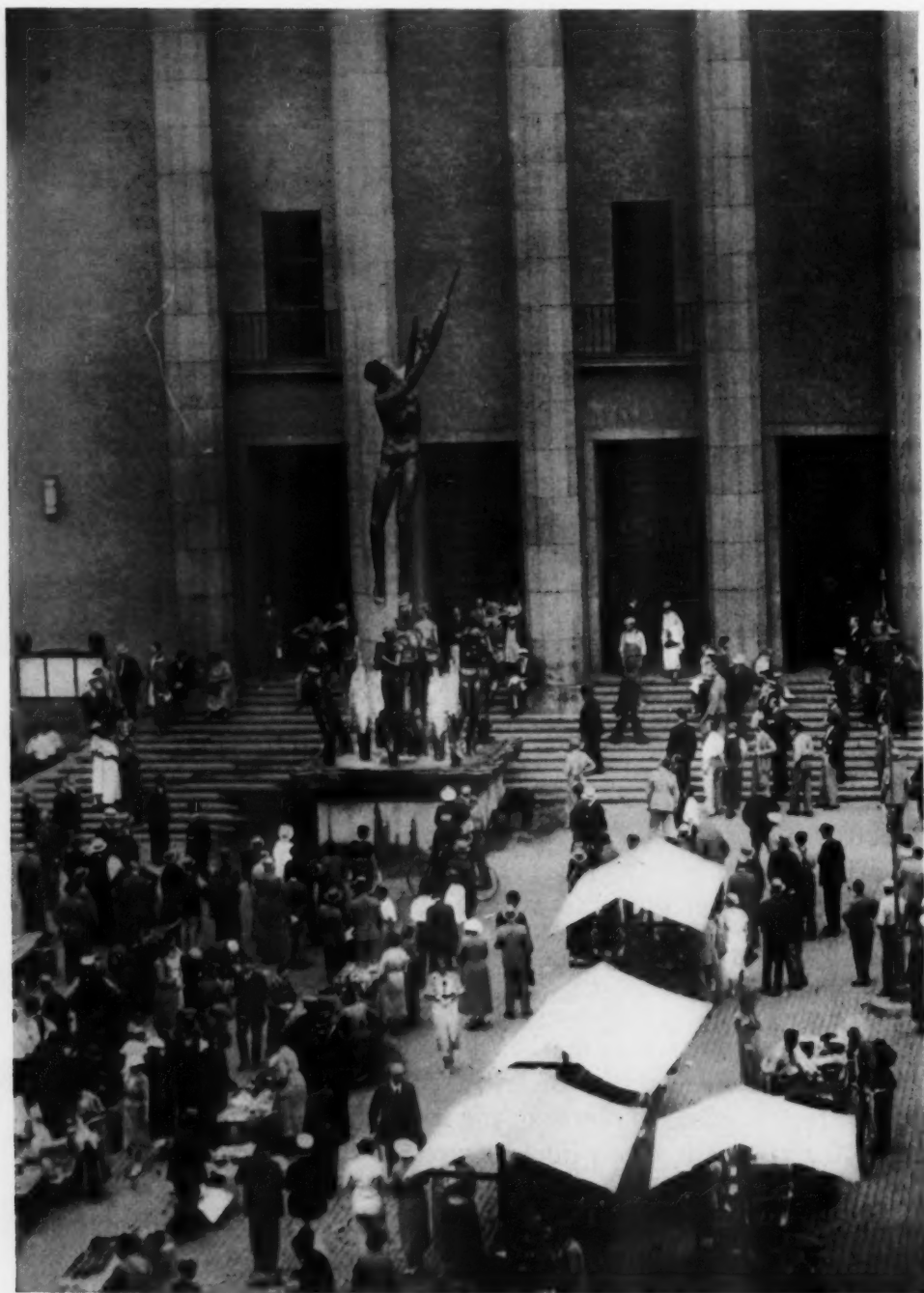
Ten years lie between the completed work and the first sketch. This sketch was presented in a competition in 1926 for sculpture to ornament the outdoor Stockholm in accordance with the provisions of the Danelius Fund which had been donated to the city. Milles proposed a monument to the power of music, to be raised on the steps of the newly completed Concert Hall. Milles' proposal from the beginning roused keen admiration but also violent criticism.

The first sketch was only one figure, that of Orpheus, who, however, in the imagination of the artist had grown to gigantic proportions,

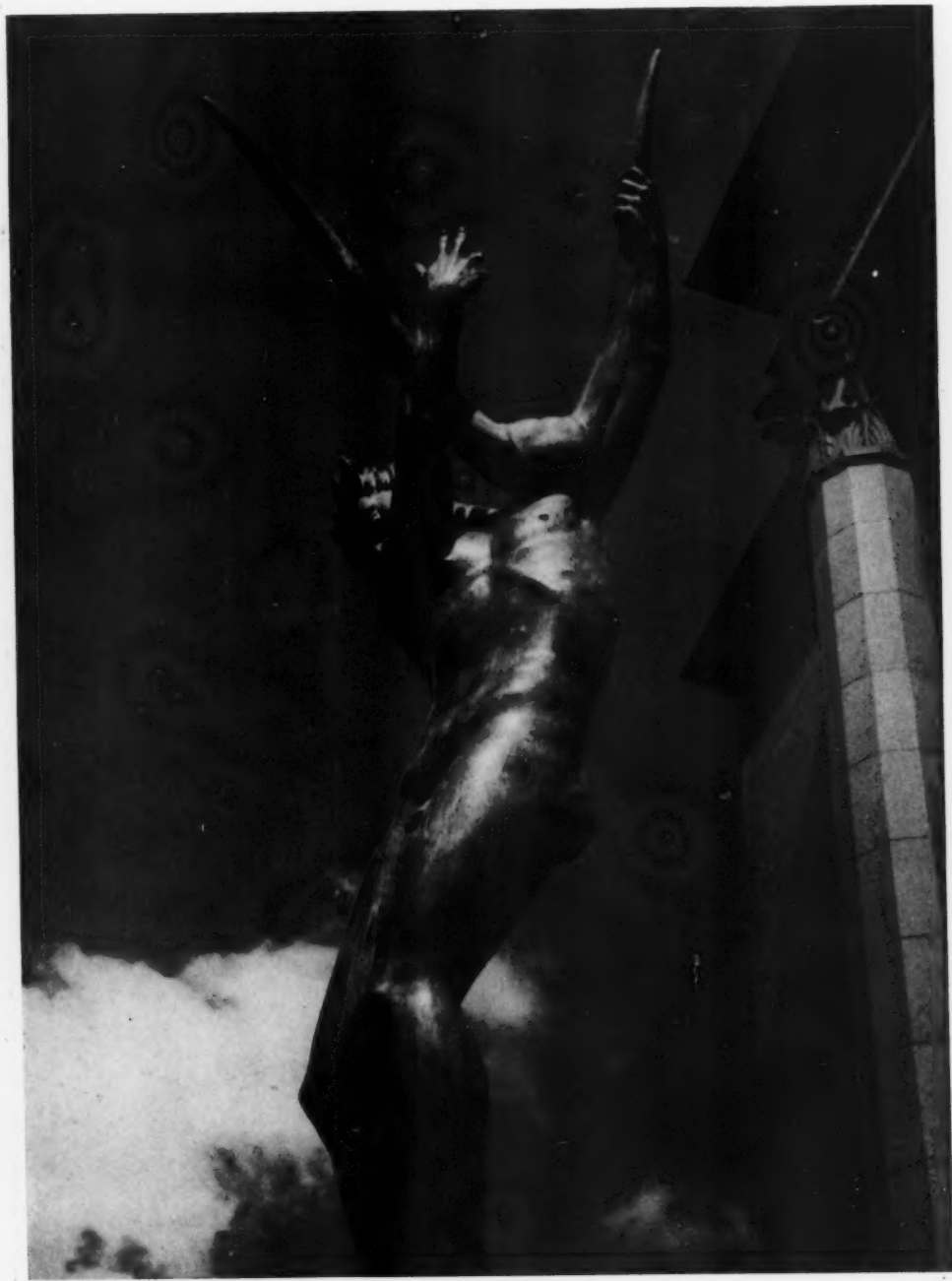
almost as high as the façade of the Concert Hall. It was not least this colossal scale which gave the Councillors pause, but in other respects too this first Orpheus with its exaggerated slenderness and its violently stylized anatomy was a problematic work. Yet criticism was silenced by the powerful inspiration that was expressed in the ecstatic tenseness of the youthful figure, and with all its weaknesses this work was the creation of a great artist's imagination.

But how simple and almost ascetic does it not appear when compared with the symphonic richness of the work that has grown under the artist's hands in his Cranbrook studio. It is not only that instead of one figure it now includes ten. The whole work has in its development acquired a new, deeper, and more beautiful content. The original figure gave bold and strong expression to the ecstasy of inspiration. But that Orpheus was so to speak an individualist, sufficient to himself, an artist wholly absorbed in the intoxication of creating. The new Orpheus which stands on the three-headed Cerberus, encircled by the dwellers in Hades represented by eight male and four female forms breathlessly listening to his song, leads us to think rather of what we might call the social element in art. By using the Eurydice myth—the story of how Orpheus through his song moved the powers of the underworld to release their prey—he has become a symbol of the power of music over the soul; and in the interplay between him and the awakening forms of the dead, Milles has in a wonderfully simple and moving manner pictured the mystic power of this art, its double nature at once giving and receiving. Most moving in its pathos is perhaps the figure with the head thrown back for which he has borrowed the features of Beethoven. Rarely has Milles given us such ecstasy of content in a form so nobly calm.

The figures that have been added fascinate us also by their own beauty. They belong to the loveliest that Milles has ever created. The problematic element that marked the first Orpheus figure has given place to a simplified purity of line and a noble gravity of expression which affect us with the power of the inevitable. There is something of the gothic in the rhythmic linear curves of these slender women and supple youths. In a manner that reminds us of the equestrian statues of the early Renaissance, Donatello's Gattamelata and Verrocchio's Colleoni, Milles has placed his Orpheus in front of a façade, wholly separate from the architecture and yet indissolubly united with it. Freely this Orpheus rises in space, but behind him the columns of the Concert Hall seem to form a colossal stringed instrument.



*The Haymarket in Stockholm with Milles' Orpheus in Front of the Concert Hall*



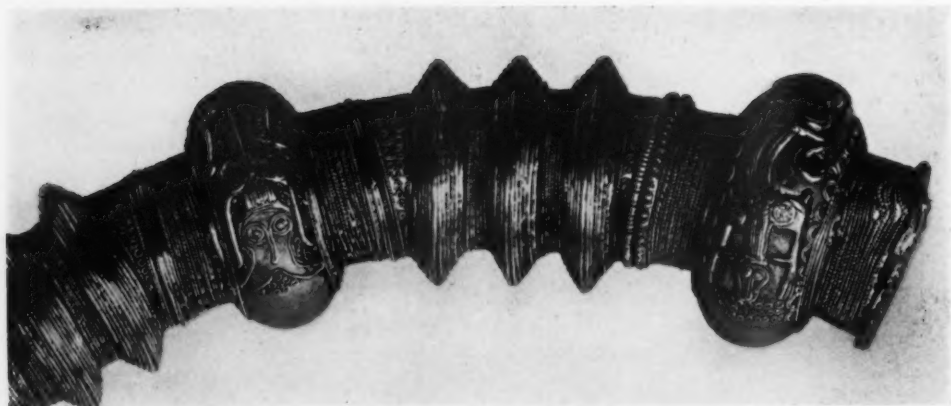
*The Figure of Orpheus Playing His Ox-Horn Lyre Seen High against the Sky*



*Orpheus Standing on the Two-Headed Cerberus, Playing to the Denizens of Hades*



*Detail of the Group at the Foot of the Orpheus Figure Showing the Play of the Fountain*



*Detail of the Ring in Natural Size, Showing the Animal Ornaments*

## Antique Ring Found in Falster

BY THERKEL MATHIASSEN

THE DANISH SOIL is exceedingly rich in antiquities. There is hardly a year that does not bring to light new and often amazing finds. Evidently our little fertile land has attracted human beings from the very earliest times.

An instance is the large, beautiful gold ring which a young farm-hand recently turned up with his plough in a little wooded bog near Tingsted in Falster. It was only the second time that this bog was ploughed. The first time the ring escaped notice, but the second time it was struck and cut in two. No great harm was done, however, as no part of it was lacking.

By an old law the gold and silver unearthed in Danish ground belongs to the King, in modern times to the State. If it is an antique object it goes to the National Museum, but the finder is paid the value of the gold. The present ring contains a full pound of gold, and the finder received 2,210 kroner.

The ring is the most beautiful of its kind in the National Museum, valuable both from an artistic and an archeological point of view. It is made in two parts joined by a link, and these parts consist of bent hollow tubes upon which a large number of transverse rings are soldered. It is covered with delicate chased and filigree ornaments, the most striking being the indeterminate four-footed animals which are found on three of the transverse rings. The clasp is unique. It is a long point which can be pressed into the opposite hollow tube and pulled out again by means of a spring in the shape of a leaf.

How old is this ring? The shape and ornamentation indicate definitely that it belongs to the so-called Germanic Iron Age, the centuries between A.D. 500 and 800. That was our own Golden Age, the period from which most of our antiquities are derived. After the fall of the Roman Empire its accumulated treasures were scattered all over Europe. In spite of the distance from Roman cultural centers, Denmark received a goodly share. But even if the gold in this ring is Roman, the workmanship is certainly Danish. The technique is familiar from numerous finger and arm rings,

but we have hitherto had only one neck ring of this type, found, curiously enough, last year on the island of Fyn. The animal figures are important in determining the age. They indicate the beginning of the animal ornamentation which flourished in the second half of the millennium of antiquity and attained its richest bloom in the twisted dragon designs of the Viking Age. The Tingsted ring belongs in an early stage of this development, hardly later than A.D. 500. This is about the age from which the famous golden horns were derived. Found in 1639 and 1734, respectively, they were stolen in 1802 and melted down. We know them now only from imperfect copies, but the newly found ring gives some compensation for the loss.

How then did this treasure come to be hidden in the little bog in Falster? We cannot know with any certainty, but the most likely guess is that it was a sacrificial offering. The rich man—or woman—who once wore this ring was in trouble and, in order to appease the wrath of the gods, he sacrificed his most precious ornament by sinking it in the bog from which the plough now, 1400 years later, has brought it to light.



*The Tingsted Ring in About Half Size*

# A Glimpse of Denmark

BY LOUISE MOULTON

IT WAS THE DAY after the longest day of the year, late afternoon, when we set out from Harwich. The North Sea was as peaceful as a green pasture. After the sun had disappeared from view a white light vibrated in the sky along the horizon, while the shadow of the earth's curvature deepened into a band of indigo. Then the stars began to appear. Next morning it was good to be out early on the quiet decks under the bright, lofty sky, for I found something peculiarly impressive about the light of the summer solstice at sea. Night was hardly night at all—just an interval, a dark band dividing the brightness of one day from the brightness of another.

As we had set out in the late afternoon, so it was late afternoon of the next day when we arrived in Esbjerg. We walked through the clean streets to the chanting of thrushes in the syringas and rose-bushes. Against the shining window-panes of the ship-like houses, geraniums and begonias pressed their bright blooms, and at least one window of each house was given over to a collection of cacti, those quaint plants that just now seem to have captured the interest of the people everywhere. Here and there a street vista lured our attention to a windmill, and we thought we could smell the hayfields just out of sight. We had supper in a garden-restaurant overlooking the sea.

Next day we crossed by the ferry to the old town of Nordby in the island of Fanö, and motored along the smooth seashore. It was hard like an asphalt pavement. I thought of the Belgian sands; but the Fanö strand is packed firmer. The wind blew over the sea, and ruffled our hair, and filled our lungs. Laughter came as naturally as breathing. We had lunch at the fishing-village of Sönderho, the

oldest village in the island. The inn is a timbered house, with low, beamed ceilings, of the type which in England would be called Elizabethan, and I suppose it dates from about that period. We lunched well, but with rural simplicity, in the garden, in a bower of syringa. As we were finishing our meal, our rustic seclusion was interrupted by the arrival of hundreds of neat, well-behaved school children with their teachers. They had crossed on the ferry with us, and we were told that they came from that part of Slesvig which, in the readjustment of 1920, was restored by plebiscite to Denmark.

Later in the afternoon we walked on the dunes, and gathered wild flowers. I counted nineteen varieties in my bouquet, among which were heartsease, stonecrop, sea-pinks, and bell-heather, which was barely beginning to blossom. We walked without fear in the tall grasses, for while serpents are known on the mainland, none, we were assured, ever come to the island.

On our return through the long, winding street of Nordby, where many of the houses are thatched, we saw some old women in native costume—long, full skirts, tight bodices and close-fitting caps with two short points. We thought the caps looked practical for a windy island. The inhabitants of the island are, and always have been, seafaring folk; in times gone by many of them sailed away, and settled in America. Even the gardens, behind their glistening-white wicket fences festooned with roses, gave forth a seafaring atmosphere. Perhaps it was because the beds and borders, where strawberries and gooseberries were then ripening, while stocks and pansies grew among other flowers that make old-fashioned gardens delightful, were kept with such ship-like



*Here and  
There in  
Esbjerg  
a Street  
Vista Lures  
the Eye  
to a  
Windmill*

*One of  
the Neat  
Farms Seen  
when  
Driving  
through the  
Country  
Near Esbjerg*



*A Typical  
Country  
Church  
with  
Corbie-Stepped  
Tower and  
Gables*

precision; and doubtless the green glass balls, of the sort that fishermen use for holding down their nets, which edged the paths, had something to do with it. Not in the gardens, but outside, on the dunes, we saw several other balls, huge ones, less pleasing mementos of the sea—submarine mines—dragged up on these peaceful shores.

Back on the mainland again we were quite childishly delighted with a sudden and unanticipated glimpse of a stork's nest. To those brought up in a land of storks this may seem a commonplace; but it was the first we had ever seen. It looked tremendous and dramatic on the house-roof, with the mother-stork standing on one leg beside it, the heads of the little brood stirring over the rim. Father stork was marching about importantly in the marshes, looking for frogs no doubt to feed his growing family. A few minutes later we walked under the great arch of a whale's ribs set up near the seashore. That too was a new experience.

Driving through the country it was pleasant to see the neat farms, trim villages, and white churches with their characteristic corbie-stepped towers. We were surprised to see that the churches were usually in quite isolated positions, aloof from the villages. We motored northward for some distance over the heath—all heather and pine-trees. For some two-thirds of a century now they have been planting pine-trees in process of reinforcing the sandy soil, and rendering it suitable for agricultural purposes. Dipping southward into the marshland, we came in view of Ribe with its great medieval cathedral stark against the sky.

The following morning we took the train going in the direction of Copenhagen. But we were bound only for Odense that day. We crossed the Little Belt at Middelfart to the island of Fyn, by the famous new bridge just opened in 1935. It was still a novelty, and all the passengers stretched their necks, watch-

ing with intense interest the train's slow approach along the magnificently engineered curve.

Odense we thought a beautiful name for a town. It signifies sanctuary of the god Odin. We were not, however, going for the sake of Odin, of whose traditional attributes we knew little, but to pay homage to our childhood hero, that great story-teller, Hans Christian Andersen. We were not long in finding the house where he was born. It was clambered over with roses, quite like a house in a fairy-tale. In fact all of Odense was fairly bulging with roses, and fragrant with linden-bloom. Strawberries were ripe, too, and cream was abundant. Ducks and swans glided on the smooth waterways. Even had it boasted no gods or heroes, we thought it would be a delicious place wherein to dream away the summer hours.

The humble house has been kept as a museum since 1907, having been bought by the municipality in 1905, the centenary of the sage's birth. In 1930 a larger museum was built at its side, opening into the old house. The numerous exhibits are arranged chronologically, with the aim of illustrating the author's autobiography. With the aid of the catalogue we followed them one by one, and at the end felt a bit dazed, for we had had an intimate glimpse of the unfolding of a genius. In the simple, low-ceiled, small-roomed house we seemed to touch the reality of the boy's struggle in the midst of poverty for spiritual and intellectual expansion. A failure as actor, musician, dramatist, we saw how he had almost unconsciously achieved his true expression in perhaps the most spiritual fairy-tales that have ever been written. In the reality of that fairyland which he knew so well, we may assume that he found his own escape from the sordidness of poverty, competition, and worldliness.

We found also the memory of good old King Canute, or Knud, the saint, en-

shrined in Odense. The reliquary holding his remains is in the present church of St. Knud, which replaces the old stone church where they were revered until it was burned down in the year 1300. His martyrdom occurred in the year 1086, when he was killed by angry peasants who revolted against the tithe he insisted upon. A few years later he was canonized, and his town became a famous place, attracting pilgrims from far and near.

The general aspect of Odense is pleasantly modern, with its comfortable hotels, attractive shops, its well kept streets, squares, and parks; but one comes upon old doorways and narrow alleys that are reminiscent of its outgrown past. In fact it is supposed to be the oldest existing town in Denmark; but its début in history occurs with the creation of the bishopric of Odense in the year 987, just at the time when Christianity was supplanting the worship of the Nordic gods. Many local names, such as "The Hill of the Nuns," "Meadows of the Monks," "Beeches of the Virgin," "Franciscan Square," reveal something of the days of its ecclesiastical importance.

As I have said, we crossed the Little Belt from the coast of Jutland into the island of Fyn by the new railroad bridge; but, continuing our journey in the direction of Copenhagen, it was necessary to cross the Great Belt between Fyn and Zealand by ferry.

We went only as far as Roskilde that evening, for we were eager to see the historic cathedral. Before going to our rooms for the night we took time for a turn around the spacious Market Square, where the cathedral stands, dominating the somnolent town on the one side, and looking away over the meadows to the blue waters of the picturesquely forked fjord on the other.

Roskilde goes back into history, but its aspect is not ancient. Like so many of the Northern towns its roots go deep, but the surface growth has been repeatedly

mowed down. We were reminded that it was the earliest capital of Denmark. According to tradition, the cathedral was founded by Harald of the Blue Tooth, who reigned after Gorm the Old. In the eleventh century came Canute the Great, not the Saint, who greatly augmented the stone structure that had already supplanted the original church of logs. That church of logs I imagine was beautiful and typical of the Nordic tradition, like churches we were to see later on in Norway. It is said that the English bishop, William of Roskilde, was the builder of the stone edifice, and it is to be remembered that during this period the affairs of England and Denmark were closely interwoven. Canute was monarch of both realms, with the capital of England at Winchester and the capital of Denmark at Roskilde. Just after my return to England in September I read with special interest of the commemoration services at Shaftsbury for Canute the Great, who died there in the autumn of 1035.



*The Head of Queen Margrethe  
Over Her Grave in Roskilde  
Cathedral*



*Towers of Copenhagen, to the Left That Which Bears the Name of Absalon*

Next day we saw the cathedral again in the morning light, and visited its interior. We thought it would be a good place to study Danish history and Danish architecture, for the actual growth of the structure took place through a period of seven centuries. The original parts date back to the thirteenth century. We were struck by the fresh appearance of the red brick of which the present edifice is mostly composed. The lofty vaulting of the interior, the long lance-windows, through which light enters abundantly, the unsoiled red brick and the white plaster make this a cheerful mausoleum. Some one hundred royal personages are sepulchred here, and many of the monuments interested us. More impressive, though, than the monuments, I found the bare fact that somewhere not specifically located in this vast place of tombs rest the bones of the pioneer chronicler of Danish history and Danish legends, Saxo Grammaticus, who lived about the year 1200.

Not at Roskilde, but at Sorö, in the church of the ancient Cistercian Monastery, lie the remains of the founder of Copenhagen, Bishop Absalon. Regretfully I admit that we did not go to Sorö before moving on to the great capital. But Copenhagen, too, is rooted in a not very clearly defined past. "Merchants' Haven," its name signifies. We read that it probably came into being as a port in connection with the herring industry. In those days, however, it was called Hafnia. And it was already the last half of the twelfth century when Valdemar the Great gave the site to Bishop Absalon as part of his see of Roskilde. He is known as the founder because he fortified it, thus giving to the settlement the stability of self-defence. There is something that appeals to the imagination in the very name of Absalon. It is effective as it is flashed upon the eye from a tower near the Raadhus, or Town Hall, though it has no claim to historical association with that particular tower. At the side of the

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Højbroplads, in the midst of the flower-market, stands a fine equestrian statue of him by the younger Bissen, which reveals his heroic qualities. Big and energetic both physically and morally, he emerges from the mists of those times when there was nothing of a very positive nature to record of Danish history. Acting as chief advisor to King Valdemar I, he stood for national independence and integrity as against imperial claims, organizing fleets to drive back the pirates that were infesting the land, bringing them into subjection to his monarch, and claiming them for Christendom. He interested himself in the enlightenment of the finer faculties by founding churches, convents, and schools. It is only with him that Copenhagen arises out of primitive conditions into an organized unity. Nothing now remains of Absalon's building save the ruins of his castle under Christiansborg. But the fact of their presence there has symbolic value. Destroyed time after time, it has always been rebuilt; and this pleasant city of placid quay-sides, of well planned gardens, of patinated copper domes and spires still rests upon Absalon's hidden foundations. The wolf and pirate which he subdued have long since faded into the background of legend, but there followed a procession of other dangers and difficulties, for this present serene aspect has not been achieved without struggle. I like to think that Bishop Absalon imparted some impetus of idealism that has been continuous.

In our glimpse of Danish life, we were conscious of the traditional spirit of enlightenment at work, still figuratively fighting back the wolf and the pirate, and striving for better conditions of health and security for all. We were impressed by our visit to the village for old people, *De Gamles By*, which we were told, shelters some 1,458 aged men and women. Individual gardens are provided where the villagers may dig and plant to heart's content. This tactful provision doubtless

contributes much to the happy atmosphere of the place; for every Danish person seems to be a gardener by instinct. They have their chapel, their concert hall, their recreation rooms, their hospital.

In its building Denmark shows individualism. The aspect of Copenhagen is not like that of other cities. Its bronze domes, its twisted spires and spire-like cupolas set on balls make a striking effect in their exquisite green patina against the sky. Copenhagen is old, yet in appearance modern. Still its modernity is not like that of a truly modern city; it is mellow, riper, permeated with some incorruptible influence of its past. One of the few bits that escaped the conflagration of 1795 is the fine Nicolai Tower with its thick buttresses. The characteristic steeple set on gilded balls is a restoration which assumes a predominant place in this garden of flower-like spires and domes. Rosenborg Castle, dating from the first decade of the seventeenth century, also remains. Though now encompassed by the city, it then stood well outside, beyond the reach



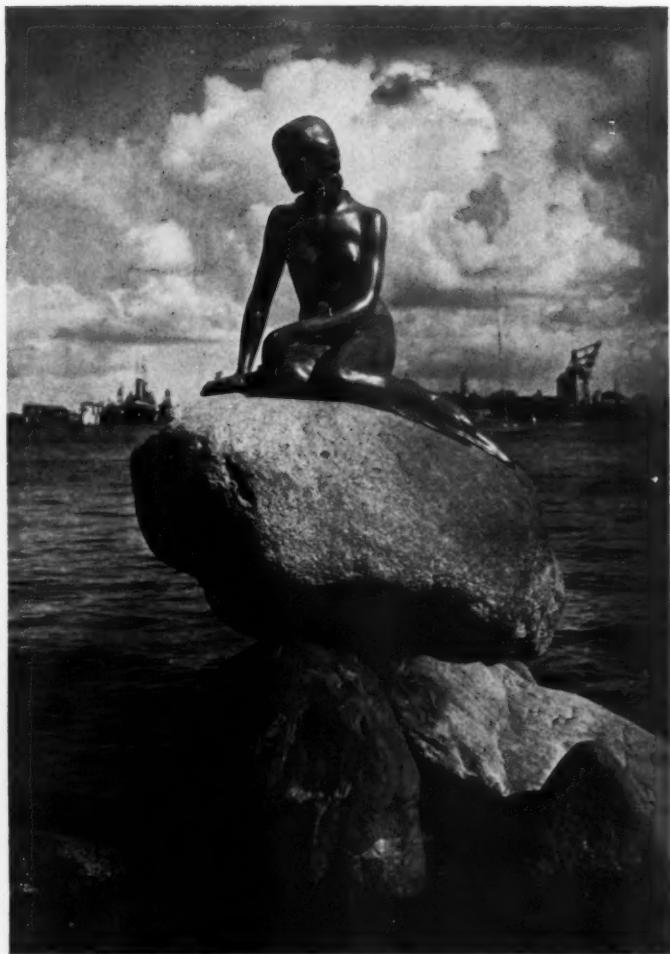
*A Fountain in a Corner by the Rebuilt Nikolai Church Tower*



*The Statue of Hans Christian Andersen in  
Rosenborg Garden*

of the rapacious flames. Built of red brick and stone, in Dutch Renaissance style, it shows its graceful towers and green copper roofs down the leafy vistas of Rosenborg Park. It is surrounded by a moat, and its gardens are laid out in flower-beds and shady avenues. One of the most effectively placed statues that I know is there, at the end of an avenue of lime trees. It is a statue of Hans Christian Andersen, his head thrust just a

little forward, his hand uplifted in a gesture, as if he were telling a story. The charm increases when one knows that Andersen himself chose the place for his statue, and he certainly made his selection with a poet's inspiration. In the circular space around it, there are always people sitting on the benches—mostly old people, as if they had come again at life's twilight hour waiting on the great story-teller for magic words about Fairyland.



*The Little Mermaid of the Fairy Tale*  
*Sculptured by Edvard Eriksen*

From Rosenborg Gardens I liked to walk on into the Botanic Gardens, only about twenty-five acres in extent, but pleasing and restful, with paths leading up and down rocky hillocks and along a flower-bordered lakelet. Going out opposite the National Art Gallery, we used to continue our walk in the gardens behind that gallery until we came to the Esplanade, not far from the Langelinie Pavilion, where we sometimes had tea, looking out over the waters of the Sound. Something of the far-famed reputation of

the Langelinie is doubtless due to its statue, by Edvard Eriksen, of the Little Mermaid. This statue is to Copenhagen what Sir George Frampton's Peter Pan is to London. How gracefully she sits dripping there on her rock, where she can see the boats coming and going, and watch the people along the Esplanade, and see the bright lights at night in the Pavilion, with the people dancing there, and hear the music, for all the world like the mermaid in Andersen's fairy-tale. I had to look up the story and read it again, about



*A Chimney  
Sweep  
with the  
Traditional  
Silk Hat  
Riding to  
Work on  
His Bicycle*

the youngest of six mermaid princesses, of how she loved a mortal prince and risked everything and suffered to the limit to procure an immortal soul.

Not far from this daintiest of Copenhagen's statues, is the monumental Gefion Fountain by Anders Bundgaard. It illustrates in energetic and dramatic fashion the ancient legend of Gefion ploughing Zealand out of Sweden, where a lake the shape of Zealand came to replace the land taken away. There is a grandiose play of water, in keeping with the style of the statuary, and in the late afternoon, on sunny days, a rainbow augments the effect.

If we returned along the water-front, we passed the present residence of the Royal Family, the Amalienborg Palace, with its wooden colonnade in the Ionic style. We also passed the Frederik Church, and were interested in its remarkable history. At the time when it was begun, in the middle of the eighteenth century, it was intended that it should be the most magnificent church outside Italy. We thought it unlikely that this aim could ever have been accomplished, even if the funds had been adequate, which they were not. The diameter of the dome, however, is only a little less than that of St.

Peter's in Rome, and the effect is imposing.

Walking on, we soon found ourselves in the huge square, Kongens Nytorv, with the equestrian statue of King Christian V presiding in the center, surrounded by an enclosed flower-garden. At the time of our visit, pink, mauve, and white campanulas were making a fairyland of the place. One afternoon we had tea on the terrace of the Hotel Angleterre, which has an enviable position in this imposing square. The splendid Royal Theatre is also there. Proceeding along the narrow, winding main street, bordered with attractive shops and crowded with people, we came into the great Raadhusplads, or Town Hall Square, near which we were staying. We liked that location, though sometimes I thought I should prefer being close to the Botanic Gardens. The Raadhus rises to a great height out of a shell-shaped hollow paved with mosaics. An impressive, irregular mass, its mighty tower is crowned with the traditional green copper. This building may be regarded as an expression of that newer sense of freedom, and independence of foreign and classical influence, which was prepared for by the poet Grundtvig. We read in the guide-books that Copenhagen's orig-



*Photo by Lionel Green*

*Women Sell Fish Along the Numerous Canals of Copenhagen*

inal Town Hall was destroyed by fire in the latter half of the fourteenth century. This, the fifth consecutive building, was begun no longer ago than 1892, and is the work of Martin Nyrop, a great name in Northern architecture.

Close to the Raadhusplads is Tivoli. Is it not said to be the most famous amusement park in Europe? Its restaurants, its concert-halls and theaters, its outdoor stages, fountains, flower-beds, old-world shops, its varied amusements and its lights entitle it to fame. Its music, too, is

of a high order. We dined there one evening, on the terrace of one of its renowned restaurants, with Danish friends who understood the art of choosing Danish dishes. The vivacious scene and the finale of fireworks were pleasantly diverting. As it was the first Sunday night after Midsummer Night, we had the good fortune to see those festivities repeated, including the traditional burning of the witches in effigy. It is said that to know the true character of a people one should see how they amuse themselves. We felt



*The Renaissance Castle Frederiksborg Is a Museum of Danish History From Gorm Almost Down to Our Own Day*

that our evening at Tivoli did increase our understanding.

From this glowing aspect of the vivacious present, we turned back next morning to a consideration of beginnings. In the National Museum one may see in epitome the process of the nation's evolving. But the real museum of national history is housed in the Renaissance castle Frederiksborg. We went there by train one day, and took our own time in wandering through the elegant, airy rooms, dustless and fragrant. There one sees Denmark's history unfolding from the time of the almost legendary Gorm and his son of the Blue Tooth, through the more authentic reigns of Canute and his successors, down very nearly to the actual present. The castle is situated on three diminutive islands in a small lake, and from the windows one looks across the water into gardens where statuary shows to the best advantage amongst

trees of many interesting varieties. One cannot fail to remember the great Neptune fountain by Adrian de Vries, in the outer court. The statues are not the originals, but are exact copies. The originals we were to see later at Drottningholm, in beautiful Lake Mälaren, near Stockholm; for they were carried away from Frederiksborg by the Swedes in 1659.

It was a windy day when we visited Elsinore, but at least it was not raining. We had waited several days for suitable weather. Somehow I feel now that Elsinore ought really to be explored on a windy day. The sea was glorious. We walked on the ramparts and along the cliffs, feeling that at any moment we might meet Hamlet and his friends, Horatio, Rosenkranz, and Guildenstern, or even the ghost. The Queen, and poor Ophelia, and her old father, Polonius, might not be far off. The theory that

Kronborg Castle is the actual scene of Shakespeare's immortal tragedy is not, I know, in good literary repute; but just the same the place is full of the atmosphere, and a visit there makes the play seem more real. The Castle boasts another legendary hero, Holger the Dane, who is said even now to sit sleeping in the mysterious vaults below. In time of need he will shake off slumber, and rise in his old might to drive the invader from his fatherland. We were taken to see the dungeons, but not to their obscurest depths, where the old hero must rest.

Elsinore itself, with its quaint streets and charming gardens, its ecclesiastical buildings of pre-Reformation days, its old-world houses, its new ones, too, its modern Catholic Church, chaste and serene, quite in the Northern taste, and its cheerful garden-cemetery, is a smiling place. It made us think of Odense. We couldn't resist the occasion to cross by the ferry the bare three miles of the Sound which separate Elsinore from its Swedish counterpart, Helsingborg, where also there is a castle with a history, and a broad street, with trees and a promenade down the middle, for all the world like a Spanish rambla.

From Copenhagen we went several times to Klampenborg to bathe in the Sound, in the quiet of the morning, before the crowds had come, and to walk in the extensive deer park hard by. But it was not until later, when we returned at the end of August after a visit farther north, that we had our best walk there. We then gave ourselves hours in which to explore its shady avenues and ferny paths. It was always with a refreshing sense of surprise that we came upon a herd of deer—the females invariably in one group, the males in another, and the young ones off by themselves not far away. The berries were getting red in the venerable hawthorn trees. From the hill beside the Hermitage, a Royal hunting lodge, we watched the approaching sunset. Our

view travelled over multiple ranges of hills, folded in haze, to the wide horizon. Some people on horseback drew rein and sat motionless watching the panorama; even the horses looked sensitive to the scene, and impressed. We returned, on that occasion, through the old-fashioned amusement park where the orchestras in the restaurants and cafés were tuning up for the evening. Bells were being rung by clowns at the doors of theaters and music halls, and some outdoor pantomimes were already under way. The dainty, Victorian-looking ferris-wheels and merry-go-rounds, all painted white, and with roses, were attracting juvenile patrons; but modern automobile-rings exercised a greater appeal to the sophisticated. Along the avenue we met an almost steady procession of horse-drawn cabs and carriages bringing people to the amusement park and to the amphitheater farther on, where plays of a more serious character are presented. The fact that no automobiles were allowed in the park tends to protect its old-world charm.

Our return visit to Copenhagen gave us the chance to see certain things we had missed before, and to compare later with earlier impressions. It was not until this second visit that we went to the famous porcelain-works, and saw the women artists in their attractive studios painting from memory the familiar blue pattern on white ware. Two other women were being taken around at the same time with us. They were French women, on a cruise, and they had but one day in Copenhagen; yet they had arranged in advance to see these works. The one additional thing they had elected to see during their brief stay was the New Carlsberg Glyptothek, the marvellous art collection of Carl Jacobsen, the famous brewer. This important assemblage of ancient and modern sculpture is said to be the largest private collection in Europe, and certainly few are so sumptuously housed. Its gardens



*Bicycles at Klampenborg Sea Baths*

and palm court give it distinctive charm, and there people seem always to be sitting just to bask in that charm. Perhaps the French women could not have made a wiser choice—the porcelain-factory and the Glyptothek, with, of course, a general view of the town.

During our second sojourn in Copenhagen we did stay nearer the Botanic Gardens, as I had previously thought it might be pleasant to do, and we often went through a pretty park, where a fine bronze statue reminded us that Denmark contributed a great Hans Christian to science as well as to literature. I mean Hans Christian Ørsted, a forerunner of Bohr in physics and chemistry.

Leaves were changing color, and some were falling, rains were setting in, there was a suggestive tang in the air, and the

autumnal equinox was not far distant, when I returned across the North Sea to England—alone this time, for my young companion was going in a different direction. The mood had changed. It was like a long homeward drive in the twilight after a day away when, a bit tired, one closes one's eyes, and visions associated with what one has seen spring up like magic flowers in the mind. The impressions that haunted my memory during my return journey and for long afterwards were indeed full of flowers, of trees and garden statuary, all clearly etched in the northern summer light. And there was a pervasive sense of well-being from having been in contact with kindly people, and from having seen and felt the spirit of enlightenment, like a leaven, at work in a nation.

# Diderik Buxtehude

1637-1707

BY KURT SALOMON

IN 1937 SCANDINAVIA, together with many other European countries, celebrated the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of the greatest Scandinavian composer that ever lived—Diderik Buxtehude. Neither the exact date nor the place of this great master's birth has been definitely established. But the most important evidences of his existence, a large number of his compositions and the accounts of his activities at the Marien-Kirche in Lübeck, where he was organist for the greater part of his life, have been preserved.

In spite of the uncertainty regarding Buxtehude's birthplace, he is clearly of Scandinavian descent, at least if the international boundaries of that period are taken into consideration. Helsingör, Hålsingborg, and recently Oldesloe have all been suggested as his birthplace. But although these three cities today belong respectively to Denmark, Sweden, and Germany, they were all in Danish territory in 1637, the year of Buxtehude's birth.

Thus Scandinavia, and Denmark in particular, may claim the honor of regarding Buxtehude as one of her own. The frame of Scandinavia, let alone Denmark, is much too small, however, to encompass the greatness of Buxtehude's music. His works have European significance and even in his lifetime enjoyed a European reputation. The best proof of this is the fact that in the year 1705 the great Johann Sebastian Bach himself walked all the way from Arnstadt in Thüringen, where he was then organist, to Lübeck—a distance of 200 miles—to hear the "great Dane." And so overwhelming was the impression that Buxte-

hude made upon him that he got himself into difficulties with the Consistory at Arnstadt by taking four times as long a holiday as had been granted him for the journey. Handel and his friend Johann Mattheson, the famous Hamburg critic, also visited Buxtehude in Lübeck, and the celebrated *Abendmusiken*, a series of evening performances on the five Sundays before Christmas, begun on Buxtehude's initiative and still kept up, attracted visitors from far and wide.

Of Buxtehude's music it is chiefly organ, vocal, and chamber works that have been preserved. It is interesting to perceive that Buxtehude was not, like innumerable composers of his time, just one among many. On the contrary, so great was his contribution to the musical development which reached its climax in the work of Johann Sebastian Bach that today, since the "rediscovery" of the baroque, he can no longer be ignored, although he was long forgotten and obscured and was really brought to light again only in 1873 with the appearance of the first volume of Philipp Spitta's biography of Bach.

Buxtehude paved the way for the transition from the *ricercare*—a composition consisting of several almost unrelated themes treated contrapuntally—to the Bach fugue with but a single theme from which every musical possibility is extracted. In Buxtehude's *ricercare* compositions the themes already possess a certain musical relationship which had not hitherto existed. Besides these, however, Buxtehude wrote also fugues in the Bach manner.

It was Buxtehude, too, who brought the organ choral and the choral variation to

such a degree of excellence that his works in this genre stand on a level with those of Johann Sebastian Bach. It depends, indeed, upon personal taste and not upon musical worth which of these two great masters is to be accorded the higher rank in this field.

Buxtehude has achieved in his works perhaps the purest and clearest expression of dramatic power that has ever been attained. And it is this very quality of style in Buxtehude, this clear serenity with nothing in it of the North German heaviness and dark seriousness of Bach, which has given rise to the opinion frequently expressed that we can find here something typically Danish in Buxtehude's music, something which has not been lost from his time down to that of the second greatest Danish composer, Carl Nielsen. This great simplicity and naivety is in no sense lack of genius. What a vast difference there is between Buxtehude and his contemporaries! To be sure, the first signs of the more personal style, of "painting" in music, were to be met with everywhere at this time, but certainly not on the high plane in which we find them in Buxtehude. In this connection we must mention particularly the cantatas and motets. On the other hand, the genuine high baroque as we find it in Bach, who could fuse the deepest pain and the most ecstatic joy together into one great idea, is not yet so earthly and human in Buxtehude. The baroque in Buxtehude is intimate and filled with playful fancy, almost lyrical; it is lighter and gayer than in Bach. But in both it is equally fresh and new and vital to this very day. One cannot help but feel critical of the musical audiences of the past century for being so preoccupied with their own great contemporaries that they could neglect entirely two such unique and complex men of genius as Bach and Buxtehude!

Of Buxtehude's life, and especially of his youth, we know comparatively little.

This is sufficiently indicated by the uncertainty regarding the place and date of his birth. We do know, however, that before he went to Lübeck he officiated as organist both at St. Mary's in Helsingör and at St. Mary's in Hälsingborg. In 1668 he entered upon his duties at his third and last St. Mary's—the Marien-Kirche in Lübeck.

Although from the moment he went to Lübeck he can no longer be considered a part of Danish musical life, Buxtehude undoubtedly had by that time many typically Danish traits of character. He was then thirty-one and must have developed rather early, since he received his first appointment as organist in Hälsingborg at the age of twenty. If we remember that at thirty-one Mozart had already written *The Marriage of Figaro* and *Don Juan*, we shall not be too ready to reject the theories which profess to find something typically Danish in Buxtehude's music. At the age of thirty-one a musician has generally attained considerable maturity, and his peculiar marks of style stand out very distinctly.

In Lübeck Buxtehude soon made a great name for himself. His genius expanded rapidly there. He was not merely a musician, but also a highly cultivated man, who had read extensively, knew several languages, and had wide interests. Lübeck was at that time a very wealthy and important commercial center and Buxtehude could hardly have had a better field in which to work. His greatest and most inspired compositions were written there. Among them, to mention only one of the most famous, was the *Passacaglia in D Minor* for organ, a composition giving evidence at once of a sparkling, ever fresh and surprising fancy, and consummate mastery of form. A bass theme four measures in length is repeated uninterruptedly throughout the whole piece, embroidered by the other voices, and the entire work is divided into four large parts, each containing exactly the same

## D. Buxtehude



## J. S. Bach



number of measures. Johann Sebastian Bach was apparently familiar with this work of Buxtehude's, for the theme of his great *Passacaglia in C Minor* bears a striking resemblance to Buxtehude's. Here we have before us two contemporary men of genius who were able to express the eternally musical and the eternally human on an incomparably high artistic level, two men who wrote music that will live forever!

Diderik Buxtehude died in Lübeck on May 9, 1797.

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During the past year many celebrations and concerts were held in honor of the tercentenary of Buxtehude's birth. The first of these was a joint celebration arranged by the Danish Organists' and Choirmasters' Society of 1905 and the Lund Organists' and Choirmasters' Association. Since it is not certain whether Buxtehude was born in Helsingör or Hålsingborg, the celebrations were divided between the two cities, which lie only twenty minutes apart.

Lectures and concerts were given in the little university town of Lund in southern Sweden. Two concerts were under the leadership of the Cathedral choirmaster Josef Hedar, and at the third concert Walter Kraft, the present organist of the Marien-Kirche in Lübeck and Buxtehude's successor, played Buxtehude's works on the large, new, and extremely beautiful organ built by Marcussen &

Son of Aabenraa, Denmark, in the magnificent Cathedral at Lund.

The Danish festivities included seven concerts, some of them in Copenhagen, others in Helsingör and Hilleröd, Sjælland. Particularly impressive was the concert in Hilleröd at which the young Copenhagen organist Finn Viderö played compositions by Buxtehude's predecessors and by Buxtehude himself on the famous historical Compenius Organ, built about 1610, in the chapel of Frederiksborg Castle. Among the organists performing at the Danish celebrations were Walter Kraft of Lübeck, Joseph Bonnet of Paris, Emilius Bangert of Roskilde, and N. O. Raasted of Copenhagen. There were many other instrumental and vocal soloists and also the excellent Copenhagen boys' choir under the direction of Mogens Wöldike.

The tercentenary celebration at Uppsala comprised a very interesting and comprehensive exhibit of Buxtehude manuscripts arranged by the University Library at Uppsala, which has perhaps the largest collection of Buxtehude manuscripts in existence.

Finally, many concerts were given in Lübeck and other German cities and elsewhere in Europe in honor of the three hundredth anniversary of Buxtehude's birth.

A particularly beautiful and carefully edited set of his complete works has recently been brought out by the Ugrino Verlag in Hamburg.

*This article was written for the REVIEW in German and translated from the author's manuscript*

# A Hole in the Wall

BY PER SIVLE

*Translated from the Norwegian by JORAN BIRKELAND*

NILS AND KARI PRIMHAUG were man and wife and had been for half a century—yes, and two years more. They had been tenants on a portion of our farm almost since the day they were married. The first two years they had lived in the loft over the cow-barn. Then old Per-Ola Klemmet died and they got his allotment with all the luxuries and privileges that went with that allotment.

The biggest luxury was the little house with its fireplace, and with its smoke-oven and its smoke-hole in the roof. Of course, there was no window even there, but there was a little hall with walls of brick and a tamped earth floor. And beyond there was a stable that would give shelter from winter cold and snow to several cows and some sheep besides.

The main privilege was that the fire-wood for the house was free. It was wood no one else wanted, and it only had to be brought from the outermost forest strip, where one could also, if one would but risk his life, gather up enough wisps of straw to feed the cow in the winter.

Of course there was some rent to pay: one week's work with the scythe and two fields to mow, and three loads of manure—loads as big as it was possible to push over the rocky road in the little wooden shoe of a manure sled. In addition, there was half a dollar in cash to pay. That was all.

They got along very well, Nils and Kari Primhaug did, industrious and easily satisfied as they were. The many children were no bigger than buttons before they began to toddle out to help with one thing or another.

Nils himself was a demon for work—when he was in good temper; and he was always in good temper when he had tobacco. He never smoked but only chewed, and chew he did in earnest. When he had work to do in a hurry, his hands and jaws worked like lightning together, and as the finished work fell from his hands at a machine-like rate, so did the brown tobacco juice run from the corners of his mouth. It was like water running through a mill.

But if Nils was out of tobacco, it was as if he had been robbed of all his powers. Things simply would not go, and if he tried to force them, everything went wrong. He would be peevish and ugly as a hungry wildcat if anyone came near him. If there was no one to lend him tobacco, and no one to send for any, he would have to take off himself, even if he were right in the middle of the haying, and walk the full seven miles to the nearest store and get some. But next morning when he showed up, he would be as sweet as butter again.

They had even gathered together a little something in the bottom of the old chest, had Nils and Kari Primhaug. Indeed, they had filled one whole sock and half of another. The coins were mostly copper, true, but there were a good many silver ones among them, besides eleven dollar bills and, last but not least, one five-dollar bill laid by just as it was the day they had got it from selling Rosie. To be sure, the community had a savings bank, but Nils and Kari set no store by that institution. No, when a man had his money in the chest in his own house, he knew where he had it, so he did.

The years went by until both the old people passed seventy. Their hair was grey, their backs were bent, their knees were curved and rheumatism bothered them now and then, but they were still cheerful and spry. The children were all grown up long ago, and were out in the world on their own—three were in America. And the old folks had always done all the work on their allotment themselves without getting outside help from anyone for even a day.

Then, one winter, came a letter from Hans, the next-eldest son, saying he was coming home from America in the spring.

There was great commotion. The old lady went out the very same day to pick out the finest wool, for it was reasonable, wasn't it, that the poor boy would be out of socks when he got home after having traveled such a long way? Well, *she* was going to see to it that he got something whole and warm on his feet when he got home to mother.

The old man said little, but it was plain that he was pondering something as he went in and out, chewing his tobacco.

As the days passed, it became plainer and plainer that his brown study grew steadily deeper. He would stand still for long periods at a time, gazing down, without so much as moving the quid in his cheek.

"Are you sick, Nils?" asked his wife.

He only shook his head, stifling a sigh, and went on his way.

The old lady began to notice that he was taking remarkable interest in the east wall of the house, the one that faced the valley. He would stop, time after time, to stare at it intently, from indoors and out. He felt of it with his hands, measured it with string and yardstick, spanned it with his fingers and marked it off with his knife, until Kari silently made the sign of the cross in Jesus' name and was afraid that her man had begun to grow foolish.

Finally, one night after they had gone to bed, he told her what was on his mind.

It was just, he said, that it seemed impossible to let Hans come home and find the house the way it was without a window or anything.

"Ah, but he knows how things are here," the old woman replied.

"Yes, that's true enough—but he may have forgotten a lot, too, in all these years away from home." Besides, one had to remember what fine things he was used to now. According to what it said in his letters, why he had a house there in America that was finer than even the preacher's house in the valley. It was true that his wife, the American daughter-in-law who had been such a high-up she worked in an office, would not be with him, for she had died recently, but just the same . . .

When Kari came to think of it in earnest herself, she too found it was only reasonable. Yes, there was no help for it then. They would have to put in a window.

When they had finally decided this, it was hard to say which one of the two old people was the more anxious to see their plan realized. Nils pondered and speculated sorely whether he could not manage the work himself, for he had been a capable man in his time. But no; after a long talk with Kari he gave up that idea and decided he would rather turn to a carpenter.

"Why, sure," the carpenter said. He would come the very next Monday and take the measurements.

But of course the carpenter never came.

A week passed. Then the old man set out after him again and was lucky enough to meet him just as he had come home to get the material he needed for some work he was doing in the neighboring parish. This time he could not get away; he had to go with Nils to Primhaug and take the measurements. The old man untied the sock, the one that was half-full, and gave the carpenter some money to buy window panes with and the carpenter swore by all the tools of his trade (who owned this

carpenter's tools was another matter) that in eight days, "or to be safe say ten," he would come and cut a hole in the wall and set in a window. As a token of good faith he asked, and got, an advance on his pay.

Another week passed, then ten days, then twenty days—but neither carpenter nor window appeared at Primhaug.

One day came a letter showing that Hans was already on his way, if indeed he had not already got to Bergen.

After that the old man lost no time. He went to the big house for a horse and buggy and once more set out for the carpenter, who was still in the neighboring parish.

And now his "Oh, dear me" did him no good at all. He would please get in and come along. The money for the windowpanes had vanished into thin air, but when they got to the store windowpanes were bought anyway. And Nils paid.

To make a long story short, Nils stood over the carpenter like a sheriff until the afternoon of the next day when the work was finished and the window in.

"Heaven's sakes, it's funny!" breathed Kari.

"Yes, it's funny—but it's nice," said Nils.

They had enough to do way into the evening of that day with studying the house in its new aspect, inside and out.

Then they went to bed with the brightness of spring night peeping in through the panes, but, contrary to their custom, they could only lie and twist and turn, twist and turn.

"Are you asleep, Kari?"

No, Kari was not asleep. She could have added, without lying, that it was altogether too light for her to sleep, and Nils in his heart felt the same way; but neither would admit it to the other.

Nils began to get downright disagreeable. At last he turned a grim, set face away from the window and forced his eyelids tight shut. But it was as if he were the

toy of a troll, the way he had to open them again. Nils was forced, once more, to turn and face the window.

Yes—and then the light of dawn began to appear, and then day came; and soon the sun was pouring its rays across the floor. The clock said only half past three when Nils rose from the bed and began putting on his clothes. He had "so much to do today."

"But you, Kari," he said, "you'd better stay in bed and sleep a little longer."

But no, Kari too had an inordinate amount of work to do today, and soon she had to get up herself.

There was undoubtedly a good deal to be done, but certainly not so terribly much more than usual. Things that needed it were already scrubbed and polished and put away. The bunk along the wall that served as a seat during the day had been spread with fresh straw and even supplied with a feather pillow which the landlord's wife had lent them. Coffee and sugar and breadtwists and rusks had all been bought and brought home.

The next night things went a little better, and each of the following nights was a wee bit better than the one before—but it was not easy.

Then one day came Hans. There was much joy, and Hans got his new socks, and he had so many fine things for father and mother that there was almost no end to it. He stayed with his parents most of the summer, sleeping in the bunk and sitting by the window smoking a pipe or a cigar, looking out over the familiar valley. In September he went back to America.

Nils had hoped that when the evenings and nights grew darker the window would not keep them awake so much. But it was just the opposite. Now it seemed to him that the hideous troll stood outside and glared in at them with round, red eyes.

"Say, Kari," he said one morning, "would you believe me if I told you that I hadn't had a good hour's sleep since we

had that hole cut in the wall over there?"

Yes, Kari could easily believe that. She hadn't slept any too well herself, even though she had pretended she had many a time.

No, was that so? Then, should they—should they have the wall made whole again?

"We could hang something over it," Kari suggested.

"Ah, but that wouldn't help," said Nils. Because he would know it was there, anyway.

So the wall was actually closed and

some heavy, solid timbers nailed across, besides. True, at first there was a square patch of wall that was lighter than the rest. But Nils knew how to remedy that; he applied the only kind of stain he had; he didn't chew tobacco for nothing. And before long the square where the window had been was as brown as the old fir logs in the rest of the wall.

Then the two old people slept cozily in their little house.

And now they sleep very well, for now for many years they have slept in the dark earth of the churchyard.

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## Iceland

BY CLARENCE E. FLYNN

**B**RAVE LITTLE ISLAND, buffeted by storms,  
 Warped by the cold, swept by the stinging wind,  
 Lashed by the hand of Death in many forms  
 —Volcano, pestilence, the lonely mind  
 —Yet holding dauntless, moving on the way  
 Of progress with a firm and steady pace,  
 Building your vision of a better day  
 Into reality to serve the race.

You are a monument to that stern law  
 They call survival. You were fit to stand,  
 While weaker lands went down into the maw  
 Of Doom, you rock, they only shifting sand.  
 Ages will say, when any speaks your name,  
 You met the elements, and overcame.

# Rewriting History

BY HANNA ASTRUP LARSEN

THE REVISION of history textbooks, with a view to eliminating expressions that perpetuate national hatreds and prejudices, is a modern movement which should do something toward humanizing international relations.

Fortunately the Scandinavian nations have not any very recent issues to stand in the way of that cordial feeling of kinship and friendship which everybody now wishes to foster. Nevertheless there are many things in their past, in the bloody centuries of warfare, and no less in the complicated dynastic relations, which need to be smoothed out. No responsible person in any of the countries wishes to suppress facts, but it is possible to present them fairly and with due regard for the adversary's point of view.

The work of revision is being sponsored by the five independent but cooperating societies Norden, which were organized in Denmark, Sweden, and Norway eighteen years ago, in Iceland and Finland some years later. The initiative was taken in 1919 by the Norwegian society. It proposed to search the books of its own country and blue-pencil anything that might unnecessarily offend the Scandinavian neighbors. The Danish society replied to the suggestion of the Norwegians that it would be more effective if each society would search the books of its neighbors and bring up for discussion contested points. This policy was adopted. After being carried on more or less informally and sporadically for some years, the work was organized at a meeting of all the societies in Stockholm in 1932. A joint committee was appointed, and the following year separate committees were named in all the five countries.

The chairmen of the committees were: Aage Friis, Denmark; A. R. Cederberg, Finland; Arni Pálsson, Iceland; Halvdan Koht, Norway; and Nils Herlitz, Sweden. Their reports, together with the replies, are now printed in a Publication of the Norden societies. They deal with moot points many of which are of popular interest.

In discussing the Viking Age, several of the reports admit that it is difficult to apportion credit or blame for the conquests of that time, because the present national and territorial divisions were not known; and to the people who prayed for deliverance from the fury of the Northmen there was no difference between Dane and Norwegian. Sometimes the vikings from the different countries acted together, as when Sven Forkbeard of Denmark and Olav Tryggvason of Norway attacked London in 994. The Danes no longer uphold their famous historian Johs. Steenstrup who categorically stated that the Normans were Danes, but neither do they accept the equally categorical statement of some Norwegians that Ganger-Rolf (Rollo) and all his followers as well as a majority of the invaders of England were Norwegians. Professor Shetelig of Norway says that it is impossible now to know what the proportion was, and on this all can agree—though perhaps with private reservations.

The century and a half when all three countries were under one king, and the much longer period when Denmark and Norway were together, have of course been a fruitful source of misunderstanding; resentments have lingered especially in Norway as the weaker partner. The

exceedingly delicate and complicated relations are sometimes dismissed summarily by saying that "Norway having been under Denmark came under Sweden in 1814." To this the Norwegians reply that Norway never ceased to be a separate kingdom. Although the charter of Christian III in 1536 promised the Danish nobles that Norway should cease to exist except as a part of Denmark, actually the provision was never carried out. Norway had her own army and a certain amount of self-government. In 1661 the Norwegian Estates at their last meeting accepted, of their own volition, the absolute monarchy in the person of Frederick III (Denmark having accepted it the year before). In 1814 the Norwegians met and gave themselves what was then the freest constitution in Europe; it is this event, not the liberation from a foreign yoke, that is still celebrated on May Seventeenth.

The Danes, on their side, think that too much odium has in the Norwegian mind attached to the "Danish period," which really was in many ways a time of expanding prosperity in Norway. They point out that, in Norway and still more in Sweden, the acts of tyranny perpetrated by the Danish kings were not a form of national aggression, but were common in that age. They were practised by the Danish kings in Denmark as well, and find parallels, too, in the acts of the Swedish national kings, even in the reigns of the Vasas. The Danish committee asks that the Swedes drop the epithet "Tyrant" which is always attached to the name of Christian II, the last Danish king in Sweden. The Swedish committee agrees in thinking that this epithet has perhaps been used long enough, but points out that acts of tyranny are more galling when practised by a foreign king through foreign officials.

The Swedish report is long and constructive, paying less attention to isolated mistakes than to the large body of facts

that ought to find a place in the books of the neighboring countries. The Swedish committee thinks that, when Norwegians and Danes have often failed to understand the Swedes in modern times, it is in part because so little has been known of Sweden's development in the past. Norway had her Snorre, Denmark her Saxo. Sweden had no historian of equal rank, and an impression has gone forth that Sweden was a backward country, mixed up with the barbarians of the East rather than with her kinsmen in the West. Against this view the Swedish committee emphasizes the fact that Swedish and Norwegian history in the past was closely interwoven, through trade, shipping, and through marriages of noble and royal families. On the borders there were ties that were older than state boundaries. Sometimes the peasants entered into what was known as a *bondefred* (peasants' peace) even while their kings were fighting each other. In spite of government edicts, trade went on across the border, and personal intercourse continued. The cultural development of Sweden and Norway, it is claimed, offers many parallels, especially in the life of the rural population, and mutual study might be fruitful. The Norwegians in their reply mention the extensive cult of their St. Olav and the pilgrimages of Swedes and Finlanders to his shrine. This, they think, could well find a place in Swedish and Finnish books. For comparison it might be mentioned here that the Danish report protests against the assumption that the Danish peasants were miserably sunk under the oppression of the great landowners. While not so free as the Norwegian and Swedish peasants, they were never serfs, except in one small corner of the realm near the German border.

The endless wars between Sweden on one side and Denmark and Norway on the other naturally offer many points that need to be cleared up. Who began them? Who broke faith? What, if any, was the

justification in each case? Perhaps historians will never come to an agreement on all these questions, but they can at least agree that books intended for children must cease to represent the enemy as inhuman monsters and to give the impression that all cruelties and ravages were perpetrated by the other side.

The Swedes complain that Danish histories confine themselves to the old historical recipe "war and kings" (*krig och kungar*) and never mention Sweden except when the two countries come into hostile collision. Some of the kings are sympathetically drawn, notably Gustavus Adolphus as the champion of Protestantism, but the Danish historians do not seem to be aware that Sweden at the time of Gustavus Adolphus went through a popular religious awakening such as the Danes did not experience till the time of Grundtvig.

Iceland has many grievances. The Danish trade monopoly is given the blame for the island's poverty in comparatively modern times, but the keenest barb in the Icelandic report is directed against Norway. The Icelanders, it is said, "have never felt themselves a branch on the Norwegian stem." The early settlers were not overwhelmingly Norwegian, as it has been generally assumed; there were some Danes and Swedes among them and a great many Celts. To this the Norwegians reply rather tartly that, if the great majority of the settlers were not Norwegians, why did the Icelanders use the Norwegian language and pattern their laws after those of Norway? And how came it that the Icelanders had rights of citizenship in Norway and could even take *odel* there, which no foreigner could do? They regret that the Icelanders should try to break old cultural and racial bonds instead of strengthening them.

In summing up, the Swedish committee makes a statement that could well be echoed by all: It is not so much misin-

formation as dearth of information that is the real trouble. The committee realizes that the space devoted to Sweden in the elementary school books of Norway and Denmark must necessarily be limited, but there is the more need that every word should be significant. The Norwegians heartily concur in this, but point out that the modern method of writing history about the life of the people instead of about "war and kings" is yet new; one can hardly expect that it should have been adopted in the text books.

All the committees agree that the place to begin revision is in the elementary school books. It is there that chauvinistic boasts linger longest, and it is there that seeds of hatred and prejudice are sown in the minds of children at the most impressionable age. The great majority never have an opportunity for more advanced study or independent reading which might correct these early impressions. The very brevity of the elementary text book is a temptation to summary statements, which are often less than fair.

The most encouraging feature of the situation is that leading historians are becoming more and more liberal and generous in their treatment of the neighboring nations. The disposition to understand, even when one cannot altogether accept, the viewpoint of an adversary is evident in the large historical works that have recently seen the light. The same open-mindedness is present, on the whole, also in the committees appointed by the Norden societies. Through their efforts, the broader and more generous views of scholars will be passed on to the rank and file of the people. Some tangible results have already been seen, and we may hope for much greater results as time passes, when new books have to be written and the old standard books revised for new editions. Meanwhile, even if the old books cannot at once be discarded, the discussion must have an effect on the minds of the teachers, and this is important.

# THE QUARTER'S HISTORY



## DENMARK

AFTER AN EXTENDED DEBATE IN THE FOLKETING, the Rigsdag authorized the placing of a loan for 50,000,000 kroner, the proceeds to be used for defensive measures to be taken in the event of a European conflict. Half of

the money is to be spent for the purchase of large quantities of coal, oil, iron and medicines, while other sums will be used for stocking up with fertilizers, in order to strengthen the agricultural situation.

In the matter of military preparations, beyond what has already been decreed, it is expected that the air force will be increased, and that a certain cooperation will be effected with Sweden. It is the common belief in Copenhagen that the visit of Prime Minister Stauning to Stockholm, where he was a speaker at the Jubilee celebration of the Danish Society and had conversations with Minister of Foreign Affairs Sandler, was instrumental in making the head of the Danish Social Democratic party realize the necessity of following the lead of Sweden, which has for some time advocated strengthening the nation's defenses as a means of maintaining Scandinavian neutrality in peace as well as in war.

When asked in Stockholm whether the coasts on both sides of the Sound would be included in the increased defense plans, Mr. Stauning replied that, while the international situation had an ominous aspect, he would advocate caution, since a provocative attitude on the part of the smaller nations would tend to arouse suspicion among the powers. He believed, however, that while each of the Scandinavian countries would formulate its own military plans, cooperation between the Danish and Swedish air forces, with the

Sound as a focal point, was not impossible.

THAT THE MINORITY QUESTION IN SOUTH SLESVIG is still far from being solved was brought out in a debate in the Folketing where Dr. P. Munch, minister of foreign affairs, and Pastor Schmidt, representing the German minority in the Rigsdag, discussed various aspects of the situation as it has developed since the frontier was drawn after the plebiscite.

Pastor Schmidt said that he appreciated the attitude of the Danish Government, especially in view of the new political situation that had arisen after Austria's union with the Reich. He declared that Germany looked with satisfaction on the plans for a coordinated Scandinavia, which would assure neutrality whatever might transpire on the Continent. Pastor Schmidt said he was aware of how in some quarters it had been expected that, in the event of war, Scandinavia could be reckoned upon to align itself with certain powers, but he considered this entirely out of the question, since the Northern countries had declared themselves neutral.

Pastor Schmidt spoke also of the school situation. He felt that there should be appointed special German school commissioners; this would greatly aid in solving the cultural differences still existing on the border.

In his answer to Pastor Schmidt, Dr. Munch replied that the Danish Government was fully appreciative of what the minority representative was doing toward making the Danish and German people in South Slesvig understand each other better. However, it appeared to him that in certain of Pastor Schmidt's utterances there was a doubt as to whether the frontier line decision was in full accord with Scandinavian principles. On this point

Dr. Munch wished to emphasize that both Sweden and Norway, as well as Denmark herself, believed that perhaps nowhere else in the world was a dividing line established between two countries with such fairness to both sides. He admitted that there still remained certain things to be adjusted, but where all desired to work for peace and prosperity the unsolved problems would be solved.

CELEBRATING THE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY of the Danish Peasant Emancipation Act, the large agricultural exhibition, held at Bell-Høj, near Copenhagen, was representative of the great development that has taken place in farm life since the peasants were made free to till their own soil. The exhibition not only included the display of live-stock and farm produce, but showed the improved living conditions of the people in the country districts. Stress was placed on the cooperative movement which not only enabled the farmers to supply the nation with its own food stuffs, but made possible the great export of butter and eggs and bacon which brought prosperity to Denmark.

In 1888 the Centenary of the Emancipation Act was celebrated with an agricultural exhibition, and those who witnessed that event can now see what great strides forward have been made in farm activity during the past half century.

The architect responsible for the extensive building complex and other arrangements at Bell-Høj, Tyge Hvass, has also been entrusted with the work of arranging for the Danish exhibits at the coming New York World's Fair next year.

IN NOVEMBER IT WILL BE TWENTY YEARS since the Denmark-Iceland Union was made effective, and that distant country obtained its present form of government. Professor Gudbrandur Jonsson, of

Reykjavik, in an article in *Berlingske Tidende*, says that in spite of the many factors that have brought about a more intimate relationship between the two countries, the cultural bridge could be strengthened in several ways. Professor Jonsson is especially desirous of the establishment of a Danish-Icelandic high school, with Danish and Icelandic teachers and curricula in both languages, with a two-year course, one year to be spent in Iceland and the other year in Denmark. Such a high school, declares Professor Jonsson, would prove a strong link to bring the two peoples closer together.

ALTHOUGH FR. SCHNEDLER-PETERSEN resigned from the conductorship of the Tivoli Symphony Orchestra some years ago, his recent death will cause sorrow to the many Copenhageners and strangers in the city who each summer listened to the concerts over which Conductor Schnedler-Petersen presided with such artistry in the great amusement center of Tivoli. He succeeded to the baton of Joachim Andersen on the latter's death in 1909.



RIGHT AGAINST MIGHT was the theme of the inter-Scandinavian Government conference held at Oslo in the beginning of April. Dr. Halvdan Koht, Norway's minister of foreign affairs, summed up in a radio speech the significance of his meeting with the foreign ministers of Sweden, Denmark, and Finland. He said it was heartening to realize, in a time when one country after another proclaimed armaments and might as its basis for international policies, that the four Northern nations rallied around the banner of international justice. The ministers agreed to steer clear of any entanglements which might

arise in Europe. This will be strengthened by economic and trade agreements between the four countries. The four foreign ministers decided to recommend to their Governments adhesion to the neutrality treaty of 1912, this treaty to be adapted to meet the changed needs of the present. A remarkable step in the furtherance of international good will and understanding was taken by the conference when it decided to support a pan-Scandinavian magazine to be known as *Le Nord*. In this publication the editors, chosen from all four countries, will keep the outside world posted on what is happening in Scandinavia, culturally and politically.

BUT WHILE NORWAY IS DOING ITS UTMOST to preserve peace, the Norwegians are not walking in the clouds; they fully realize the potential danger of a new European conflagration, and early in April the Storting voted the largest peacetime defense budget in the history of Norway. A sum of 52,000,000 kroner was appropriated for the improvement of the defenses. It is an established fact that Russian and German spies are busy in northern Norway; many experts consider that the stalwarts of Stalin are anxiously mapping this vast stretch of land with an eye to the next war; Russia needs ice-free harbors; Germany is reputed to be plotting a counter attack—on Norwegian soil. No wonder, then, that Norway is focusing great attention on her northern territory.

TWO CABINET CRISES presented themselves during the last quarter. Both were successfully weathered by the Labor Government. The first occurred in the middle of February, when the conservative Right party proposed a lack of confidence vote against the Nygaardsvold Cabinet. This action was based on what the conservatives called the reckless spending of the Labor Government. When the votes were counted, the Gov-

ernment was upheld by 110 against 33 votes. The next crisis was provoked by Prime Minister Johan Nygaardsvold himself. The Government had agreed to lower the tariff on certain meat products from Finland; the agrarian press, supported by the conservative papers and party, served notice on the Cabinet that it would fight the duty reduction. Mr. Nygaardsvold demanded that the Storting either vote its confidence in him or reject the proposition; the Storting, by a vote of 101 to 48, sided with Mr. Nygaardsvold.

FINANCIALLY NORWAY CONTINUED HER MARCH UPWARD. During the first eight months of the current fiscal year the national budget could point to an income of fifty million kroner in excess of expectations. The Industrial Bank, controlled by the Government, showed a handsome profit, after having given substantial support to a multitude of industries; all loans granted by this bank have been met promptly and fully. The merchant marine continued its rapid growth; a great number of new ships, mostly tankers, have been built; at present the tanker fleet of Norway consists of 1,730,000 tons, the largest in the world, exceeding that of Great Britain by some 150,000 tons. The wages of the men manning Norwegian ships have been increased by 6.2 per cent in addition to a special bonus paid to crews on Norwegian ships plying in American east coast waters. In the latter part of April many of the whaling ships returned from a fine season in the Antarctic; when the crews were paid off at Sandefjord, they received about fifteen million kroner in wages and bonus.

The Storting granted 500,000 kroner towards Norway's participation in the World's Fair in New York next year; Norway will have its own building besides the space allotted in the international pavilion; Norway is the only one

of the Scandinavian countries to erect its own house at the fair; the others are confining their exhibits to the international pavilion.

THE OSLO EXHIBITION opened May 12. It is housed near the Oslofjord and in part on the fjord in specially built floats. The exhibition has been given the name "Vi kan" (We can) and is designed to span over every phase of Norwegian life, cultural and industrial.

Norway has no permanent opera, but a summer season will be given with the Metropolitan soprano Eide Norena as the bright particular star assisted by local forces. The repertoire in the National Theater will include Gounod's *Faust* and Mozart's *Marriage de Figaro*. In the theater in the city of Drammen, Bizet's *Carmen* will be presented.

At the other extreme is an exhibit of Antarctic whaling. A modern whaling ship will be part of the show and the whole process of converting a whale carcass into blubber and whale bone will be demonstrated. The object is to show the important part played by Norway in the world's whaling and the economic importance of this pursuit to Norway. The country is now the leading nation in Antarctic whaling. More than half of the whale oil in this region is produced by Norwegian expeditions, while the vessels of other nations are largely manned by Norwegians.

Speaking of expositions, it is interesting to note that the first international polar fair will be held at Bergen in 1940; a committee was organized in March, and invitations have already been sent to 43 nations. Professor A. W. Brögger is chairman of the committee.

MANY LIVES WERE LOST in a terrific storm which swept the northern coast of Norway in March and early April.

Nine fishermen were drowned in the Lofoten Sea on March 2, and eight lives were taken by angry seas when the fishing boat *Rokta* struck a reef near Hustadvika April 3. Great courage was shown by the life-saving cutter *Christian Bugge*, ably assisted by native fishermen. The government granted a sum of 20,000 kroner to the widows of the drowned men. On March 15 a sloop with five men was lost outside of Mehamn.

THE WOMEN OF NORWAY have access to every field of endeavor except the army and the Church. No movement has been started to break down the barriers against them in the army, but organized efforts are being made to open the ecclesiastical field to women. A committee, appointed to suggest a solution of this pressing problem, reported its findings early in March. The report evades the question of women ministers, but elaborates the need for an expansion of religious activities in which the peculiar gifts of women may be used. The members of the committee state that the burden of Norway's Christian life is carried by women; they outnumber the men in church attendance, they influence the children, and they inject into the community life an element of religion which permeates the entire nation. The committee suggests that women be given full opportunity to participate in congregational work, such as conducting meetings for women, organizing young people's leagues, and acting as Sunday school teachers; furthermore, that women be called upon to visit the homes of families in order to draw them closer to church activities, to aid in the preparation of candidates for confirmation and, finally, that they be employed as representatives of the church in institutions for women. The conference of Norway's bishops has adopted the report of the committee, and

has requested the Government to take the necessary steps for its realization.

THE NANSSEN SCHOOL, the first humanistic academy in Norway, founded by Dr. Christian Schielderup and Dr. Anders Wyller, has secured financial aid and will open its doors to men and women in the fall of 1939. The Nansen School will have four departments: biology, sociology, etc.; the history of mankind, the history of art, philosophy, and thought; current trends of the times, social and political problems; the study of the Norwegian language. The school has been made possible by the contributions of 500 friends and members; among these are Sigrid Undset, Wilhelm Keilhau, Knut Liestøl, Arne Meidell, Didrik Arup Seip, president of the University, Fr. Paasche, and Mrs. Signe Vogt. No tuition fees will be charged; study circles will be started all over the country in conjunction with the instruction in the school which will be located at Lillehammer.

A RECESSION has also hit Norway, but it is not a financial one; in a lecture in Oslo early in April Professor Werner Werenskjold informed an amazed audience that the glaciers of Norway were receding at such a rapid rate that the country, at some future date, would be able to grow enough grain for home consumption. The huge Memuru glacier had, during the last few years, receded 414 meters.

BISHOP JOHAN LUNDE, primate of the Norwegian State Church, died in his seventy-first year at Oslo, in February. Bishop Lunde was one of the most beloved clerics in Norway; he was famed for his religious talks to children. Mr. Hagerup Bull, former justice of the Supreme Court, died in March, eighty-three years old.



COMMEMORATING THE DAY on which the New Sweden colony was founded in 1638 on the shores of the Delaware River, a colorful celebration was held in Stockholm on April 8.

It was simultaneously observed in Pennsylvania, where Governor George H. Earle had proclaimed it a legal holiday under the name of Forefathers' Day. The Swedish observance took place in the Stockholm City Hall, and was attended by more than 1,200 guests, headed by Crown Prince Gustaf Adolf, first honorary patron of the Swedish American Tercentenary Association, as well as by his oldest and youngest sons, the princes Gustaf Adolf and Carl Johan, Prince Carl, a brother of King Gustaf, and Princess Ingeborg, wife of Prince Carl. Members of the Swedish Government Tercentenary Commission also were present.

The band of the First Mounted Body Guard played a stirring march. After the rendering of the march, the Crown Prince spoke as follows:

"In 1638 a small group of Swedish people set out in primitive ships across the Atlantic Ocean to found, on behalf of the Swedish government, a colony on the banks of the Delaware River. Although burdened by heavy responsibilities, Axel Oxenstierna, Chancellor of the Realm, found the time to develop a real colonial enterprise. It was thus that New Sweden came into being, as an expression of the spirit of enterprise and expansion which characterized Sweden during this period when it was a world power. Who knows how our history might have shaped itself, had it been possible to carry on and further enlarge the undertaking? The first Swedish colony became, instead, a short episode, which left no great impression on our own history. However, in the development of the new

country it did not pass unnoticed. Of greatest importance is the fact that as early as three centuries ago, almost simultaneously with England and Holland, Sweden helped found a great country, now one of the mightiest and most populous in the world.

"Long after New Sweden had passed into other hands, the colonists continued to exercise a significant and independent influence, primarily due to their native civilization and to their community spirit. It is for this reason that the President and the Congress of the United States have extended a friendly invitation, much valued by us all, to celebrate with them the memory of New Sweden. An added factor probably is the useful contributions in later years by Swedish immigrants to the growth of the United States.

"What our people meant to the first colonization is realized particularly in those parts of America which, in the middle of the 17th century, comprised New Sweden. Exactly three hundred years ago today the first land purchase agreement was made between the Swedes and the Indians. The State of Pennsylvania traces its origin back to this event. In fact, Governor Earle regards as so important the Swedish contribution to the founding of Pennsylvania that he has proclaimed this day a holiday under the name of Forefathers' Day and has requested the citizens of the State to remember the part played by the Swedes in its founding and continued development. We should feel proud and happy over this appreciation of the work of the first colonists. For these simple, hardworking people and their descendants, through industry and honesty, undoubtedly have made the Swedish name and Swedish culture respected in America. We also value highly the bonds of friendship which tie us to one of the heirs to our modest New Sweden, the flourishing State of Pennsylvania, to its Governor, its Legislature, and its people. Pennsylvania to-

day for the first time observes Forefathers' Day, with all that it implies regarding its Swedish antecedents. It is therefore that we, too, have desired to strengthen these bonds of friendship by arranging this simple celebration. I suggest that we jointly send our friends across the ocean in Pennsylvania our heartiest greetings and well wishes."

The Crown Prince then proposed four Swedish cheers for the sturdy and fearless crew of the two pioneer ships, the *Kalmar Nyckel* and the *Fågel Grip*.

The next speaker was the Honorable Fred Morris Dearing, United States Minister to Sweden, who brought a greeting from Governor George H. Earle, of Pennsylvania. He stressed the fact that the Swedes had purchased land from the Indians, "not conquered it with might. Three hundred years ago," he said, "they began to add their contribution of Swedish energy. We are proud of this Swedish strain. It is neglectful of us, that we have not earlier expressed the admiration we feel, but we are happy that we can now make amends for this omission. This year the entire population of the United States will become familiar with the story of the ancient Swedish adventures on our soil. My countrymen will express their appreciation of this good salt in our people, which in every sphere has given us strong and honest men and women, who have been a blessing to our country. We are happy to march side by side with you today. We believe in an honest deal and in mutual helpfulness. We believe that progress is possible only if we have peace and pursue our occupation with regard to our neighbor's rights.

"In June we will see how three centuries of friendly connections bursts into bloom. This time the Swedes will be welcomed, not only by a few aborigines, but by 130,000,000 American citizens, eager to extend the best hospitality that they can offer. Among your hosts you

will find our President, who certainly will not greet you with the least heartiness and warmth."

Helge Nelson, professor of geography at the University of Lund, and an expert on Swedish emigration, then delivered an address on "Sweden-America," after which was staged a pageant, picturing the settlement of New Sweden and the peaceful intercourse between Governor Johan Printz and the Indian chieftains.

On the same evening five New Sweden commemorative stamps were released and sold at the City Hall where a temporary post office had been established. There was a brisk demand for first day covers, which were mailed to many parts of the world, especially of course to the United States.

PREPARATIONS IN SWEDEN FOR THE TERCENTENARY have been carried on for a long time on many fronts. In charge is a government commission, of which J. Sigfrid Edström, head of the Swedish General Electric Company, in Västerås, is chairman. Vice chairman is Count Folke Bernadotte, while Consul General Olof H. Lamm is general secretary. Other members include Fritz Henriksson, councillor of the Foreign Office; Mrs. Maja Sandler, wife of Foreign Minister Rickard J. Sandler; A. R. Nordvall of Sverige-Amerika Stiftelsen; Government Antiquarian Sigurd Curman, and Government Librarian Isak Collijn.

The first major event in the celebration was the Swedish Tercentenary Art Exhibit, earlier described in these pages. Containing paintings, archeological relics, and superb samples of old Swedish handicrafts, spanning almost eight thousand years, it opened in New York in September, 1937. It has since been shown in Worcester, Minneapolis, Cleveland, St. Louis, Chicago, Toledo, and Pittsburgh, and will further be exhibited in Washington, Wilmington, and Philadelphia. It is estimated that when it closes

in July in the last mentioned city it will have attracted more than half a million visitors.

THE COLLECTION OF FUNDS FOR A MONUMENT to be erected at the Rocks, in Wilmington, which marks the exact spot where the Swedish settlers first set foot on American soil, enlisted the efforts of individual Swedes. The work was commissioned to Professor Carl Milles, and consists of a fluted column of Black Swedish granite, supporting the artist's interpretation in stone of the *Kalmar Nyckel*. On the column are found a series of reliefs showing Queen Christina, Governor Printz, etc. More than 170,000 Swedish men, women, and children, representing every province or "landskap," contributed in excess of one quarter of a million kronor. This gift from the Swedish people to the State of Delaware will be officially unveiled by Crown Prince Gustaf Adolf on June 27, in the presence of President Roosevelt.

A UNIQUE EXHIBITION will open shortly at the American Swedish Historical Museum in Philadelphia and perhaps also later in Wilmington. It will consist of more than 600 items, such as documents and articles, sent back by the Swedish colonial governors and clergymen. Among them are many Indian relics, never before displayed in modern America. The objects have been collected from many public and private museums, and have never earlier been shown as a whole.

In addition to commercial stamps, Sweden also has issued a New Sweden two kronor piece, designed by Professor Erik Lindberg. Bearing the Latin legend, "Novae Sueciae Suecia Memor" ("Sweden Remembers New Sweden"), the coin has a profile of King Gustaf on one side, and on the other a design of the *Kalmar Nyckel*. Another phase of the celebration is a series of lectures delivered in America by prominent Swedish scientists described in detail elsewhere in this issue.

## THE TERCENTENARY BEGINS

The first gun was fired on March 29 in the Tercentenary celebration which will culminate June 27 with the unveiling of the New Sweden Monument at Wilmington by the Crown Prince of Sweden. It was fitting that the first festivity should be held in the State of Delaware, which contains the actual site of the first landing of the colonists in the New World. The day chosen was the three hundredth anniversary of March 29, 1638, when Peter Minuit, representing the New Sweden Company, purchased from five Indian chiefs the stretch of land on the west side of the Delaware River and, on the same day, landed at the Rocks and took possession of the land in the name of Sweden.

This act meant not only the beginning of Swedish colonization in America, but the beginning of the State of Delaware. As Governor Richard Cann McMullen said in his proclamation, it marked "the beginnings of government, religion, education, agriculture, commerce, and industry" in the State.

At the festivity in Mitchell Hall at the University of Delaware, the minister of Sweden to the United States His Excellency Wollmar F. Boström was guest of honor and brought greetings from the government of Sweden. The Governor of Delaware extended greetings to the citizens of the commonwealth, and several speakers traced its development from the earliest times.

Judge Hugh M. Morris, in an address on "The Beginnings of Delaware," painted a vivid picture of the two pioneer ships sailing up the broad river with vast stretches of untouched nature on either side. Speaking of the obscure and insensible influences that color the life of a nation, he said: "One cannot live in Delaware without being keenly con-

scious of the lasting influence upon Delaware and its people, even unto this and succeeding generations, of those men who—three centuries ago—left their home under the glow of the Northern Light to build for themselves a new home on the banks of the Delaware. One sees them, even now, with fortitude, patience, and wisdom, sowing in the heart and mind of the native Indian the seeds of kindness and of friendship. One sees them, even now, implanting upon our soil a religious faith and a shrine, so pure and so strong that one ceases to wonder at the fullness of the sense of their obligations to their fellowmen. Through all the years of our history, Swedish names appear as churchmen, as landowners, as officers of the government. For the heritage which they gave to us we are profoundly grateful."



Pennsylvania as well as Delaware counts the landing on the Rocks as the beginning of the State, since a part of it was included in the original purchase of land from the Indians. Governor Earle, who had already brought the greeting of the State in person to Sweden, declared April 8 to be Forefathers' Day, to be observed throughout the State as a legal holiday, to "commemorate the three hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Swedish ships *Kalmar Nyckel* and *Fågel Grip* and the establishment of the first churches, first schools, and first law courts, thus laying the foundation of Pennsylvania civilization."

The high point of the festivities was a banquet in the Benjamin Franklin Hotel in Philadelphia, where about eight hundred people were present. The Governor of Pennsylvania presided. Guests of honor were Minister Boström and the minister from Finland to the United States Eero Järnefelt. Minister Boström in his speech tried to visualize what might have happened if Sweden had been strong enough to hold the colony and said that,

although the independent colony had lasted only seventeen years, its influence had been more far-reaching than the short time would indicate. He thanked the people of the State and its governor for having so freely acknowledged and proclaimed their debt to the early Swedish colonists.

On the following day an imposing military parade was held. Twenty thousand people marched, and the blue and yellow of Sweden was seen with the Stars and Stripes. The parade was reviewed at Independence Hall by Governor Earle, Minister Boström, and Minister Järnefelt.

The Augustana College Choir, of Rock Island, Illinois, initiated the musical part of the celebration by a concert in Carnegie Hall on March 29. Under the leadership of Henry Veld the choir has made great progress and is now considered the foremost choral organization among Americans of Swedish descent.

The program was rich and varied. On a former occasion the only criticism of the choir was the absence of Swedish numbers on the program. This was now remedied, although Swedish listeners were not quite satisfied with the renderings; nevertheless a brave attempt had been made to include some Swedish songs. Among them was an ancient hymn "O Fader vår" which had been sung at the dedication of Old Swedes in Wilmington in 1699. The most impressive numbers were Handel's "Adoremus te Jesu Christe" and Bach's "Come Sweet Death."

The choir consists of two sections, the women forming the Jenny Lind Chorus, the men the Wennerberg Chorus. They sing together and separately. From New York the choir went on a tour including several states.

Round about the country the opening of the Tercentenary has been celebrated with concerts, church services, school programs, and festivities too numerous to list here. On April 4 the choir of Gustavus Adolphus College at St. Peter, Minnesota, gave a concert at Minnesota University to which the public was invited.

June 26 the main festivities will begin at Wilmington with religious services in Trinity Church at 3:30.

June 27 the dedication of the New Sweden Monument will take place in Fort Christina State Park, Wilmington, followed by services in Old Swedes.

June 28 the royal party will proceed up the river to Philadelphia. The Swedish Historical Museum will be dedicated about 11:15. The Crown Prince and Crown Princess and the delegation accompanying them will be entertained at lunch by the Swedish Colonial Society and the Pennsylvania Historical Society. In the evening there will be a state banquet.

June 29 the Johan Printz Park on Tinicum Island will be dedicated about 9:30 and the Finnish monument at Chester about 11:20. After a luncheon at the Pennsylvania Art Museum in Philadelphia the Crown Prince will open the Swedish Art Exhibition at 2:25. In the evening there will be a concert by the American Union of Swedish Singers and the male chorus from Sweden.

June 30 will be spent in New Jersey, and there will be services at Swedesboro Church.

July 1 and 2 the Crown Prince will visit the President at Hyde Park.

July 3 there will be a luncheon and reception for the royal party and delegation at the Swedish Legation in Washington.

## SCANDINAVIANS IN AMERICA

### A Century of Church Work

The church has played a tremendous part in the communal life of the Scandinavian immigrants and their descendants, not only as a purely religious influence, but also as a promoter of charities and social work, educational and cultural activities. One of the largest of these organizations, the Norwegian Lutheran Church of America, is preparing to celebrate its one hundredth anniversary in 1943. Its president, Dr. A. J. Aasgaard, has recently opened a campaign to raise a fund of \$1,400,000 for the jubilee.

A consolidation twenty years ago of three older church bodies, the Norwegian Synod, the Hauge Synod, and the United Church, formed the present organization. Since then it has received contributions aggregating twenty million dollars. It has a membership of half a million. The sum now to be raised will be used first of all to pay the debts of the church and then be applied to certain specific purposes, one of them being a pension fund for retired ministers. Although the church still retains the word Norwegian in its name out of deference to historical continuity, most of its work is now carried on in English, which is the official language of all its schools and colleges.

### Tributes to Jacob Riis

A week of festivities marked the fiftieth anniversary of the Jacob A. Riis Settlement in Henry Street. Although fifty years ago it was neither in Henry Street nor was it called by the name of Riis, it was nevertheless due to him that the house came into being, and his name was officially bestowed upon it in 1901 when he and Mrs. Riis celebrated their silver wedding.

A dinner was given at the Hotel Plaza where the minister from Denmark His Excellency Otto Wadsted was present

and spoke of Jacob Riis as the ideal Danish-American citizen. Among the other speakers was William Allen White. Many tributes were paid to the Dane who first directed the attention of New Yorkers to the evils of the slums in their city. The occasion was made to serve the campaign for better housing, and models of old and new tenements were exhibited in an adjoining room.

Among the festivities at the Settlement itself was a Danish Evening sponsored by the Danish American Women's Association May 2. Consul General Georg Eech spoke; Mr. Paul Leyssac read from his translations of Hans Christian Andersen, and Danish songs were sung.

### Jonas Lie's Exhibition

Jonas Lie has just held an exhibition of his paintings in the Grand Central Galleries on Fifth Avenue. Among the canvases shown was an old favorite, the large *Autumnal Bounty* with its birch stems and glowing foliage, but almost all the others represented the artist's recent work. Though none were painted in Norway, yet Maine and the rugged Cornish coast gave scope for that Norwegian love of solid rock and salt spray which will not be denied. There is always life and sparkle in the artist's treatment of water, and rare indeed are the pictures where it is entirely absent as in *Dutch Garden*. Often there are lovely groupings of colorful sails as in *Tuna Boats* or of softly-tinted old houses as in *Smuggler's Cove* which won the Saltus Medal for Merit in the National Academy this year.

Mr. Lie has recently been elected president of the National Academy of Design to serve for a fifth term. A few months ago he was made a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. In the long list of honors that have come to him we note the Olympic Award at Amsterdam in 1928.

### A Lofoten Painter

A Norwegian artist Einar Berger last March held an exhibition in the Westermann Gallery in New York under the sponsorship of the Norwegian Consul General. He began life as a fisherman in Lofoten, but covered the canvas of his tent with his paintings. Afterwards, when the galleries refused to exhibit his work, he built a pyramid of packing cases on the market place of Tönsberg and hung his canvases there in a driving snowstorm. The time came when he was accepted and admired by many though still harshly criticized by others. His paintings shown here reveal impressionistic power and intense color effects.

### Borg in the Academy of Design

Carl Oscar Borg has been newly elected to the National Academy of Design. Mr. Borg, who was born in Sweden, is known especially for his paintings of the Hopi and Navajo Indians and of desert landscapes in the Southwest. He is considered one of the best painters of that milieu, and is known also for his etchings and portraits.

### Gold Medal for Carl Milles

At the fifty-second annual exhibition of the Architectural League the gold medal in sculpture was awarded to Carl Milles with special reference to his Peace Monument in the St. Paul City Hall.

### John Ericsson Medal Awarded

The American Society of Swedish Engineers celebrated its fiftieth anniversary with a dinner in the Stockholm Restaurant in New York last February. At the dinner the John Ericsson Medal, established by the society twelve years ago and awarded for the first time to the late Professor Svante Arrhenius, was awarded to Mr. J. Sigfrid Edström, director of Asea General Electric Company and pres-

ident of Sverige-Amerika Stiftelsen. The presentation was made by Mr. Eric A. Lof, who had been in telegraphic communication with Mr. Edström.

### Augustana Man Honored

Dr. O. Fritiof Ander of the history department at Augustana College, Rock Island, has received the Guggenheim Fellowship of \$2,500 and will sail next September for study in Sweden and other countries of Europe. He intends to write a history of Sweden after 1815.

### Jean Hersholt's Jubilee

Hollywood and twenty-fifth anniversaries would seem to be a contradiction of terms, but nevertheless Jean Hersholt could celebrate his quarter century jubilee in the film city last March 7. He had begun his career as a film actor in Denmark and came to Hollywood in 1913. The transition to the talking pictures was of course especially difficult for actors of foreign extraction, but Mr. Hersholt took the hurdle triumphantly. He is an example of how ability, character, and hard steady work count even in the business which is supposed to be particularly subject to caprice.

Many tributes were paid Mr. Hersholt as an artist. At the same time his personal position in the film world was recognized when he was made president of the Motion Picture Relief Fund. This fund, to which all moving picture actors contribute one-half per cent of their salaries, represents very large sums that are each year given to charity.

### A New Symphony by Windingstad

Ole Windingstad is well known to Scandinavians and others in New York for his work as leader of choruses and an orchestra during the many years he lived here. Many will remember the inspiring concerts under his leadership at

which chiefly the works of Northern composers were rendered.

Since he retired from this arduous labor he has been able to devote himself more to composition, and last February his symphony "The Tides" was played under his own baton at the Albany Museum of History and Art. It received much praise. Mr. Windingstad was born in Norway and studied there and in Germany.

#### Summer Courses in Sweden

Two special courses in social science and arts and crafts for American students and educators will be held in Stockholm this summer, similar to those arranged last year. The courses begin July 30 and end August 19. The students will attend lectures in English by Sweden's foremost authorities in their respective fields, in addition to making extensive visits to cooperative stores, housing projects, factories, the workshops of outstanding craftsmen, etc. Both courses are under the auspices of the Swedish Handicraft

Association, whose pioneering work is largely responsible for the development of modern Swedish applied art. The fees, both for tuition and for board and lodging, are very reasonable. Last year's courses attracted many Americans, among whom were students, teachers, lecturers, and forum leaders, as well as vice presidents and deans of art academies.

For those interested in weaving, wood work, home economics, or physical training, separate courses are available in Sweden. These will be held in picturesque Dalecarlia, in the rich Chateau Country in the south of Sweden, on the rugged west coast, and in the beautiful forest region of Värmland. A general course in Swedish culture and language also is offered at the University of Uppsala for three weeks beginning August 6.

A special booklet on 1938 Summer Courses in Sweden may be obtained from the official bureau in U.S.A., the Swedish Travel Information Bureau, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

## THE REVIEW AND



## ITS CONTRIBUTORS

Henry Goddard Leach was editor of the REVIEW for the first nine years of its existence. . . . Björn Helland-Hansen, oceanographer and polar explorer, is head of the Geophysical Institute in Bergen. . . . A. N. Rygg, after his retirement from editorial work, devotes himself chiefly to welfare activities among the Norwegians in Brooklyn. . . . Gotthard Johansson is art critic

in Stockholm newspapers and the author of books on art and architecture. . . . Therkel Mathiassen is inspector at the National Museum in Copenhagen and author of books on archeology. . . . Kurt Salomon is a German writer living in Copenhagen. . . . Louise Moulton is an English contributor. . . . Per Sivle belonged to the older generation of Norway's peasant authors.

# THE AMERICAN SCANDINAVIAN FOUNDATION

*For better intellectual relations between the American and Scandinavian peoples,  
by means of an exchange of students, publications, and a Bureau of Information*

ESTABLISHED BY NIELS POULSON, IN 1911

**Trustees:** James Creese, President; William Hovgaard, G. Hilmer Lundbeck, Frederic Schaefer, Vice-Presidents; Hans Christian Sonne, Treasurer; John G. Bergquist, Robert Woods Bliss, E. A. Cappelen-Smith, Lincoln Ellsworth, John A. Gade, Hamilton Holt, Edwin O. Holter, George N. Jeppson, Sonnin Krebs, William Witherle Lawrence, Henry Goddard Leach, John M. Morehead, Charles S. Peterson, John Dyneley Prince, Charles J. Rhoads, George Vincent, Owen D. Young.

**Cooperating Bodies:** Sweden—Sverige-Amerika Stiftelsen, Grevturegatan 16, Stockholm, J. S. Edström, President; A. R. Nordvall, Kommercerådet Enström, and Professor The. Svedberg, Vice-Presidents; Adèle Heilborn, Secretary; Denmark—Danmarks Amerikanske Selskab, Ernst Michaelsen, President; Viggo Carstensen, Secretary, Frederiksholms Kanal 20, Copenhagen K; Norway—Norge-Amerika Fondet, Rådhusgaten 23 B, Oslo; Arne Kildal, Secretary.

**Associates:** All who are in sympathy with the aims of the Foundation are invited to become Associates. **Regular Associates**, paying \$3.00 annually, receive the *REVIEW*. **Sustaining Associates**, paying \$10.00 annually, receive the *REVIEW* and *CLASSICS*. **Life Associates**, paying \$200.00 once for all, receive all publications.

## Trustees' Meeting

The regular spring meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Foundation was held at the residence of Mr. Henry Goddard Leach in New York on Friday evening, May 6, and was adjourned to 2 p.m. on May 7, at the office of the Foundation. Mr. James Creese, vice president of Stevens Institute of Technology at Hoboken, New Jersey, was elected President of the Foundation by a unanimous vote in succession to the late Charles Sherman Haight of New York whose death occurred only two weeks after he had been elected President at the February meeting of the Trustees. Mr. Creese is a former secretary of the Foundation and was elected a life trustee in 1928. The Honorable Robert Woods Bliss of Washington, recently elected a trustee of the Foundation, was welcomed to the Board at this meeting.

The following resolution regarding Mr. Haight was presented and passed at the meeting:

RESOLVED that in the recent death of Charles Sherman Haight, admiralty lawyer, we have lost a citizen of penetrating intelligence and passionate loyalty to good causes. As a friend he was always dependable and responsible.



*Charles Sherman Haight*

Wherever his help was solicited or his opinion called for he concentrated all the powers of his mind on probing the problem to its essentials and building upon it a permanent constructive policy.

One of Mr. Haight's many educational interests was the American-Scandinavian Foundation. He was a charter

trustee of the Foundation at its inception in 1911. From that time until his death he stimulated the Foundation by his unflagging enthusiasm. He has given good counsel to its programs. He has won for it many important friends at home and abroad. Again and again he has contributed to its educational funds from his personal resources. His vital and joyful personality has always rekindled any signs of flagging spirits in the executive staff. This community and those associated with his endeavors in foreign lands will feel the loss of a singularly dynamic personality.

#### Fellows Appointed

On the recommendation of the Applications Committee, the appointment of the following American students to fellowships for study in the Scandinavian countries for the academic year 1938-1939 was confirmed at the meeting:

**KENNETH CALDER RULE**—to study physical chemistry in Denmark. Age 25; unmarried; Colorado College 1933-34; University of Chicago, A.B. 1935; Columbia University, Ph.D. 1938. Teaching assistant in general chemistry at Columbia University 1936-37.

**HOWARD VINCENT HONG**—to study the philosophy of Kierkegaard in Denmark. Age 25; unmarried; St. Olaf College, A.B. 1934; Teaching Fellow one year at Washington State College; University of Minnesota, Ph.D. summer, 1938. Graduate assistant at the University of Minnesota.

**EUGENIE WALKER DE KALB**—to study language and literature in Norway. Age 42; unmarried; Smith College, A.B. 1918; University of Cambridge, England, Ph.D. 1928; writer.

**ERNEST EARL LOCKHART**—to study biochemistry in Sweden. Age 25; unmarried; Massachusetts Institute of Technology, S.B. 1934; M.S. 1935; Ph.D. 1938. Teaching Fellow.

**LAWRENCE SIDNEY THOMPSON**—to study Scandinavian literature and Old Icelandic in Sweden. Age 21; unmarried;

University of North Carolina, A.B. 1935; University of Chicago, M.A. 1935; University Fellowship at Harvard University 1935-36; University of North Carolina, Ph.D. 1938. Teaching assistant at the University of North Carolina.

**GEORGE E. KIDDER SMITH**—honorary fellow to study architectural research in Sweden. Age 24; unmarried; Princeton University, A.B. 1935; 2½ years graduate school. Draftsman and photographer with the Princeton Antioch Expedition.

**JOHN JAMES AMORY**—honorary fellow to study architecture in Sweden. Age 24; unmarried; Princeton University, A.B. 1935; Harvard Graduate School of Architecture, Candidate for M.A. 1938.

The following alternate was also appointed:

**RAYMOND H. WILSON, JR.**—to study astronomy in Sweden. Age 27; unmarried; Swarthmore College, A.B. 1931; University of Pennsylvania, A.M. 1933; Ph.D. 1935; Assistant Flower Observatory, University of Pennsylvania, 1931-35. Now mathematics instructor, Gettysburg College.

#### Miss Fröberg's Retirement

Miss Eva Fröberg, Secretary of Sverige-Amerika Stiftelsen, our affiliated organization in Sweden, will retire in June after serving in this capacity for seventeen years. Miss Fröberg has been largely instrumental in improving the resources and effectiveness of Sverige-Amerika Stiftelsen from the very beginning, and she has directed the work of the Society with the most admirable efficiency. Hundreds of American students in Sweden have owed the successful outcome of their studies to the careful direction and limitless help which she has given them. She will be sorely missed on both sides of the Atlantic. The public announcement of her retirement had not been made when the Trustees of the Foundation passed the following resolution:

"RESOLVED that the Trustees of the American Scandinavian Foundation, meeting on February 5, 1938, express to Miss Eva Fröberg their deep regret at her retirement as Secretary of Sverige-Amerika Stiftelsen. They cannot begin to enumerate the many services which Miss Fröberg has rendered the officers and members of the Foundation and its Fellows in Sweden through many years. On the eve of her retirement the Trustees of the Foundation send to her their best wishes for the future and the assurance of their high regard."

#### Mrs. Heilborn Appointed Secretary

Announcement has also been made of the appointment of Mrs. Adèle Heilborn as Secretary of Stiftelsen in succession to Miss Fröberg. Mrs. Heilborn visited this country in May in connection with the Fredrika Bremer Room in the Swedish American Historical Museum in Philadelphia and was able to discuss many matters of mutual interest with the officers and staff of the Foundation. She returns to Sweden with a full knowledge of the current problems and work of the Foundation.

#### Fellows of the Foundation

Mr. Jan Klint, Fellow from Denmark who has been studying aeronautics at the leading aircraft factories and airports in this country, sailed for home on April 20.

Dr. Snorre Wohlfahrt, Fellow from Sweden, who studied American methods of treating pneumonia while in this country, sailed on April 15.

Mr. Stif Ekelöf, Fellow from Sweden, arrived in New York on April 12, and is visiting the Massachusetts Institute of Technology for the spring term.

Mr. Ragnar Svanström, Fellow from Sweden, accompanied by Mrs. Svanström,

arrived in New York on April 12. Mr. Svanström, who is literary adviser to the Norstedt Publishing House, will study American history and literature while in this country.

Mr. Arne W. Kiempff-Andersen, Fellow from Denmark, arrived in this country on March 19, and has taken up studies in agriculture at the University of Chicago.

Mr. Leif Reinius, Fellow from Sweden, who is a practising architect in Stockholm, arrived in New York on March 11, and is making a survey of American architecture and housing.

Martin Stenström, Fellow from Sweden, arrived in New York on May 8 and will study the American canning industry.

#### The New York Chapter

The New York Chapter of the Foundation gave a dinner at the Hotel Delmonico on March 18 in honor of Gunnar Asplund, noted Swedish architect and one of the Tercentenary Lecturers. Mr. Asplund spoke on "The Architectonic Conception of Space" and was introduced by The Honorable Alfred Rheinsein, Commissioner of Housing of New York City.

The Chapter held a Club Night and reception in honor of the Consul General of Norway and Mrs. Christensen at the Hotel Plaza on the evening of April 22. His Excellency Wilhelm Morgenstjerne, Norwegian Minister to the United States, was also a guest that evening and conferred on behalf of His Majesty The King of Norway the commandership of the order of St. Olav on Mr. Henry Goddard Leach, former president of the Foundation.



## FICTION

**I See a Wondrous Land. A Novel by Gudmundur Kamban.** Putnam's. 1938. Price \$2.75.

"I see a wondrous land." The words are Thorfinn Karlsefni's as he stands with his young wife Gudrid in the poop of his ship nearing Vinland. With his arm clasping her, "they stood there gazing towards the land which in the far distance shone to meet them, extending endlessly to either side." After a long while in which no sound was heard except the roaring of the water ploughed by the prow, Gudrid broke the silence by saying softly, "This will be our country." And she went to take her eight months old son and let him see it too.

The scene is an instance of how Kamban has brought the people of that distant age close to us. He has used not only the main events but the little incidents and the very dialogue of the sagas in weaving together all the different accounts of the Vinland voyages into one consistent story. Like all Icelanders he has, of course, lived and breathed in the saga atmosphere from infancy, and with the intuition of a highly gifted writer he enters into the emotions, hopes, and ambitions of the people.

We have all, for instance, heard how Erik the Red was the first promoter, how when he came back after his three years of exile from Iceland spent in exploring the vast country to the west, he announced that he had called it Greenland in order that men should like to go there. But how many of us have considered the amount of persuasion necessary in order to uproot nine hundred people and induce them to push out once more for unknown shores. Kamban describes how Erik went about studying the tastes and conditions, the needs and grievances of every man whom he wanted to join the expedition—exactly after the manner of the modern promoter. And what a picture the author paints of the departure of that "proudest fleet that ever left an Icelandic port." When Erik gave the sign, "in a moment the whole fleet swept forward under sail, gryphons, dragons, and serpents lifting their heads high over the curved prows with the broad round middle of the ship painted red, light green, or light blue above the water line, and the sails in still more varied colors."

Not only did Erik the Red manage to get people to go with him, but he kept them contented in Greenland under conditions that made Iceland seem a country of ample and

spacious living. As he stands out from the pages of Kamban's book, he was a truly great leader.

The two splendid young friends Leif Erikson and Thorfinn Karlsefni are, each in his own way, men of the new age. The sagas tell us that Leif had been charged by Olav Trygvason in Norway with the duty of christianizing Greenland. Kamban makes much of this fact, and when Leif did not follow up his discovery of Vinland, but left it to his brothers and his friend, it was because he was more interested in building churches and bringing missionaries to Greenland. Leif was an idealist, but he came into sharp collision with the sturdy old heathen his father.

Karlsefni was one of the young men of the period in whom the lust of adventure took the form of trading and exploring instead of slaughtering and looting as in earlier generations. He was the viking transmuted. He came from Iceland to Greenland with his cargo of merchandise and there heard from Erik the Red's family of the trips to Vinland. As we know, he was the first to seriously attempt a permanent settlement in the new land.

The saga records are actually packed with material on the various voyages. Kamban has used all the more important, even to the more or less mythical story of Björn Asbrandson who was found by a party of his countrymen after he had been for many years a chieftain among the Indians in Virginia. Taken altogether, the book is not only extremely readable as a novel, but it gives a fresh idea of what an important chapter in history the Vinland voyages made.

HANNA ASTRUP LARSEN

**Ships in the Sky.** By Gunnar Gunnarsson. Bobbs-Merrill. 1938. Price \$2.50.

Of the brilliant group of Icelandic novelists now before the English reading public, Gunnar Gunnarsson is perhaps the best known. Almost twenty years ago his first prose work, the Borg cycle, appeared under the title *Guest the One-Eyed. The Sworn Brothers*, a story of the Viking Age, the first of the Landnam cycle, which is to comprise twelve volumes, and *Seven Days' Darkness*, a gloomy but powerful novel of modern Iceland, followed in 1921 and 1930. Several of his short stories have appeared in the REVIEW. Able as they are, however, none of these works could have led readers to expect the idyllic charm, the tender warmth, the exquisite blending of humor and pathos that suffuse the pages of this latest book.

*Ships in the Sky* is a translation—and a fine translation—of *Leg med Straa and Skibe paa Himlen*, the first two volumes of Gunnarsson's cycle of autobiographical novels, *The Church on the Hill*—"compiled from Uggi Greipsson's notes." Uggi's "notes" up to his seventh year have yielded a book of almost

400 pages. Like Nexö, Gunnarsson has a long memory, but fortunately he has a happy, healthy childhood to remember. Not one person in all the gallery of vivid portraits here presented from Old Begga (Week-day Begga with her fabulous tales and Sunday-Begga, who eschews fiction for Holy Writ) to Bjössli the shepherd boy, who painstakingly teaches Uggi simple oaths, twined oaths, and plaited oaths, is unkind to the children. Perhaps the most amusing thing in the book is Uggi's amorous correspondence with little Sigga printed on beer labels and ending invariably with "Excuse scrawl." The saddest is certainly the child's silent grief at his mother's death. "Not for the balance of this year, or for other happy reading years to come," writes the novelist Bertita Harding, "do I expect to find a thing of greater loveliness than this book. . . . One feels a throb of pain and deep delight in work of such humor, dignity, and truth." Let us hope that Mrs. Evelyn Ramsden is at work on the translation of the next volume which takes Uggi out into the great world abroad.

J. W.

**Memory of Youth. A Novel by Vilhelm Moberg. Translated from the Swedish by Edwin Björkman. Simon and Schuster. 1938. Price \$2.50.**

The struggle between country and city is the obvious theme of Vilhelm Moberg's novel *Memory of Youth*. But the underlying theme is the everlasting hunger of the human heart for a satisfaction that life does not give. We meet the hero, Knut Toring, when he is thirty-five, the enthusiasms of youth left behind him. He is a successful editor, a more than usually fortunate husband and father, and yet deeply, helplessly unhappy. The first glow of marriage has passed, and he has tried to find in other women what his wife no longer can give him—but only to realize that he has chased the unattainable. His work has become hateful to him; he who once could commit crimes to possess himself of anything printed is so surfeited and clogged with reading that his mind has become useless to him.

Memories of his childhood begin to float up in the stream of his consciousness; the river and the pike in it, the spring planting, the smell of hay. Then come thoughts of his parents and of the girl he loved. Longing clutches him till he is on the verge of madness. He knows that his childhood was anything but ideal; yet it was real, it was rooted.

The author then takes us back and tells the story of Knut Toring's boyhood. It is an ugly picture: superstition and brutality at home, smudgy revelations of sex among bad companions, bullying in school. A cross-grained teacher, simply because he stammers, gives him the bad conduct mark which gives

its name *Sänkt Sedebetyg* to the Swedish original of the book. Through it all, however, Knut preserves the divine spark of a thirst for knowledge—that spark which was to be so utterly smothered under bushels of manuscripts when he had attained to that which he once thought he wanted.

There is a rugged beauty as of a picture by Millet in the description of Knut and his girl as they walk home at the end of a long day's work in the field, after tasting together for the first time the rapture of physical love. "They were walking homeward, Knut ahead with the scythes across his shoulder, Ebba a few steps behind with the basket on her arm. In that manner the man of the soil and the woman of the soil have walked home in the evening through long ages."

But Knut Toring is not only a man of the soil. Ebba, the good, gentle, wholesome peasant girl satisfies one side of his nature completely, but there is another side which he cannot share with her. So he is driven forth from her and from the farm, but only to carry with him an unsatisfied longing—as he would also have carried it in his heart if he had remained.

It is the deep understanding of a universal human experience that makes *Memory of Youth* a great book. It is rich, moreover, in character and incident. How delightful, for instance, the story of how Knut reads that a society in Stockholm with a long name will send a circulating library to anyone who requests it, and how he writes for it, and it really comes, but brings a terrible problem, for he is asked to set down the names of all the borrowers, and he is himself the sole borrower! So he enters the names of all his family and schoolmates and the people in the village and finally the names on the tombstones in the churchyard. One suspects that Vilhelm Moberg in his youth in Småland may have been guilty of just such a prank.

The book is the first in a trilogy. The translation, from the experienced hand of Edwin Björkman, is excellently adapted to the contents.

H. A. L.

**The Blue Dragoons. A Novel by Curt Berg. Translated from the Swedish by Eleanor Salberg Williamson. Putnams. 1938. Price \$2.50.**

Curt Berg, a music critic on a Stockholm daily, has made a successful venture into fiction with this book. Much of its charm is due to the unusual milieu, a garrison town in the North, so far from all cultural centers that it has developed a life and a mentality of its own, more reminiscent of Kipling's India than of anything we have known before in Scandinavian fiction.

Intensely loyal to their regiment, the officers feel themselves to be the spearhead of Swedish

defense, and such poems as Runeberg's *The Tales of Ensign Stål*, with their glorification of sacrifice in the name of the fatherland, are very real to them. Lieutenant Wolmar von Schenk tells his sister-in-law—who reads Tolstoi to him—that he doesn't know much about literature, but he does know his *Ensign Stål*, and he points out to her the graves of some of Runeberg's heroes.

Though in the main the book is the story of the regiment, a few individual fates are disentangled from the web, and these, alas! are tragic. The most tragic is the love of young Wolmar for his brother's wife. It is the natural drawing together of two sensitive creatures who shrink from the hard coldness of the brother and husband, but the flagrant faithlessness seems to the present reviewer rather overdrawn, given the time—the Nineties—and the characters of the two people concerned. Must there be a seduction in every modern novel?

Very stirring is the account of the officers' ride, organized for fun one moonlit spring night, like "Odin's wild ride" over fields and rivers and fences and through forests, a piece of daredevil adventure told with much spirit.

H. A. L.

**Alli's Son.** By Magnhild Haalke. Translated from the Norwegian by Arthur G. Chater. Knopf. 1937. Price \$2.50.

This very unusual first novel comes to us highly recommended by Sigrid Undset. It is the tragic story of an abnormal child and the ill-advised and often unconsciously cruel attempts of his fond and desperate mother, a young sailor's wife, to make him like other children. Elling has a wild, unbridled imagination and a fierce, ungovernable temper. He delights in clothing his fancies in strange language. His crude rhymes and his lovely words he hoards up in a little blue book—his most treasured possession. The fate of this book alone shows how helpless poor Alli is to deal with this difficult child. Hoping to turn him from his foolish thoughts, she burns it. When Elling finds out, he almost kills her with an ash-rake. And still Alli fights bravely to keep him with her—until the inevitable tragedy occurs.

Mrs. Haalke reveals herself in this book as a penetrating psychologist and a mature artist. Her American readers will await with impatience the translation of her second novel *Akfestet*, which came out last fall.

J. W.

## BIOGRAPHY

**Under the Open Sky. My Early Years.** By Martin Andersen Nexö. Vanguard Press. 1938. Price \$3.00.

Here is a book that is easy to read.

The fact must be stated first of all, and kept in mind throughout this review, for we are nowadays accustomed to a difficult pessimism accompanying all drab matters and a brutal turn given to material often infinitely milder than that found here.

Nexö's childhood was harrowing. The first eight years ran the gamut of every experience now considered a stain on civilization—utter poverty, undernourishment, continued ill health, a drunken father, dying infants, brutality in teachers and fellow children, child labor. But the approach is optimistic. The author considers those years his most thorough education and on page after page proves by his deeply thoughtful and enlightened attitude on social questions that the fire tempered the worthy steel to a fine blade.

Following his life through to the age of fourteen, the bitter picture continues in a country background instead of a city slum, managing all the while, by the perspective of the author's point of view, to make this strikingly individual boy and his family represent any boy and family or all.

An exact and delightful translation by Mr. J. B. C. Watkins keeps all the vigor and captivating appeal of the author's style.

M. M. C.

**Jacob A. Riis, Police Reporter, Reformer, Useful Citizen.** By Louise Ware. Introduction by Allan Nevins. Appleton-Century. 1938. Price \$3.00.

A biography of Jacob Riis is very timely, not only because the Jacob A. Riis Settlement in Henry Street has just celebrated its fiftieth anniversary, but chiefly because the causes in which he labored are particularly vital just now. It is fitting, too, that the story of his achievements should be written in permanent form and printed between covers while the people who knew him are still alive and can tell about him. As Professor Nevins says in his introduction, Miss Ware has "added a vivid portrait to the gallery of American humanitarians."

In these days when there is so much mechanization of welfare work that one sometimes wonders whether the essence is not lost in the machinery—whether the poor are not handed research for bread—it is refreshing to turn to the story of Jacob Riis. Miss Ware is herself a specialist, instructor in sociology and director of social work in Adelphi College, but she has a full understanding of the untaught genius in Jacob Riis and she makes his personality very real to us. A young immigrant carpenter, with little training except

that which he got in the college of hard knocks, he pitted his ardor and enthusiasm, his indignation and his native shrewdness against the mountain of vice and squalor and inertia—and, lo! the mountain moved.

Riis must have been an exceedingly clever newspaper man. His first newspaper job was not on the *Tribune* but on a little paper in Brooklyn, and he actually succeeded in acquiring the paper and working it up to a point where he could sell it for enough money to go home to Denmark and marry his Elisabeth. When he became a reporter on a big daily, he showed himself well fitted for the rough and tumble life of a reporter in those days. He had the gift of hobnobbing with all kinds of people, and he knew how to write a good story, to find the human element and present it dramatically. But all his abilities and energies were put in the service of his burning desire to make the lives of human beings better.

In her final estimate, Miss Ware says that it is difficult to measure Jacob Riis's contribution because he was part of a large movement, working with many others. Furthermore, although we think of him chiefly in connection with housing, he worked for reform along many diversified lines. We are surely justified, however, in saying that he was one of the greatest forces, perhaps the greatest force, in the movement of his day for making New York a decent city.

## HISTORY

**Norway and the Nobel Peace Prize.** By Oscar J. Falnes. *Columbia University Press.* 1938. Price \$3.50.

Why did Alfred Nobel, Swedish inventor of explosives, provide in his will that a Committee of the Norwegian Storting be empowered to choose the winners of his great peace award? Professor Oscar J. Falnes of New York University now presents a scholarly consideration of this and other questions related to the history of the Nobel Peace Prize. Perhaps the most valuable aspect of this book is its clarification for the English-reading public of the nature of the peace movement in Norway during the generation following 1885. The author of *National Romanticism in Norway* (New York, 1933) gives a fair treatment of the nationalistic implications of the Storting's peace offensive of 1890 and 1897, when King Oscar was petitioned to conclude, on behalf of Norway, arbitration treaties with foreign powers. The constitutional crisis with Sweden accounted for the unwillingness of the Norwegian Left, nationalistic as for the most part it was, to urge disarmament while the Union conflict remained unsettled.

The latter part of this book treats of the Storting's Nobel Committee and the Norwegian Nobel Institute. Interesting biographical notes are included on the personnel of the

committee, as indeed elsewhere of other important figures in the Norwegian peace movement. The reader is introduced (or perhaps reintroduced) to such significant personalities as Bernhard Hanssen, Francis Hagerup, Halvdan Koht, Nicolai Julius Sørensen, Hans Jacob Horst and Chr. L. Lange. One chapter is devoted to Nobel's interest in peace and another (and less familiar one) to Björnstjerne Björnson, advocate of "De Neutrales Forbund."

There is a useful catalogue of the contributions made by the Nobel agencies in support of peace societies and periodicals and of individual efforts, as well as a list of the Nobel prize winners. Professor Falnes has not only analyzed the attributes of the prize winners; by describing the active Norwegian criticisms of the administration of the awards, he has emphasized the widespread and serious interest of the Norwegian people in the cause of peace.

This study is drawn largely from Norwegian sources, some of which are unpublished, and concludes with an extensive bibliography, chiefly of periodical literature. Professor Falnes' book merits the appreciation of many here and abroad who have, for some time, felt the need of such a study.

S. SHEPARD JONES

## TRAVEL

**Letters from Iceland.** By W. H. Auden and Louis MacNeice. Illustrated. *Random House.* Price \$3.00.

Travel-books have generally been of two sorts ever since the days of Herodotus or Marco Polo. Baedeker is the classic example of the handiest type, the volume easily slid into the pocket, the constant and much-thumbed companion within the cloisters of medieval cathedrals or before the bronze monuments in the public squares of the Old World. The other kind is the opinionated records of observations undertaken by keen-eyed travelers, eager to offer their judgments of strange men and outlandish customs and distant places with all the bravura of Romanticism.

Messrs. W. H. Auden and Louis MacNeice, who are two of the better known young English poets, have done a new sort of travel-book, a gallimaufry of verse and prose epistles which were written with an eye to publication, but which nevertheless seem spontaneous, and they have proffered this novelty because "the trouble about travel books as a rule, even the most exciting ones, is that the actual events are all extremely like each other—meals—sleeping accommodations—fleas—dangers, etc., and the repetition becomes boring." Their method banishes boredom to outer darkness.

In order to hold the reader's attention the authors have left no stone of diversity un-

# Swedes in America

Edited by ADOLPH B. BENSON  
Professor of German and  
Scandinavian, Yale University  
and NABOTH HEDIN  
of the American Swedish News Exchange

Published for the Swedish American Tercentenary Association in connection with the 1938 celebration of the founding of the New Sweden colony, each of the thirty-nine chapters of this important volume has been written by a specialist in a particular field. The result is the first complete history in one volume of the Swedes in this country and of their contribution to American life. Illustrated. \$3.00.

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS  
New Haven, Connecticut

turned. One learns all that the transient can hope to assimilate of Icelandic culture and social customs, and the instruction is very pleasant indeed, though animated by a serious purpose. Mr. Auden writes, "I question whether the reactions of the tourist are of much value; without employment in the country he visits, his knowledge of its economic and social relations is confined to the study of official statistics and the gossip of tea-tables; ignorant of the language, his judgment of character and culture is limited to the superficial; and the length of his visit, in any case, only three months, precludes him from any real intimacy with his material. At the best he observes only what the inhabitants know already; at the worst he is guilty of glib generalizations based on inadequate and often incorrect data. Moreover, whatever his position in his own country, the social status of a tourist in a foreign land is always that of a rentier—as far as his hosts are concerned he is a person of independent means—and he will see them with the rentier's eye: the price of a meal or the civility of a porter will strike him more forcibly than a rise in the number of cancer cases or the corruption of the judicial machine."

Would that all travelers had such humility, and that they all had as much to tell us about Iceland as—despite Mr. Auden's consciousness of inevitable shortcomings—he has!

W. E. HARRISON

## BOOK NOTES

*Bernadotte and the Fall of Napoleon* by Franklin D. Scott has been translated into Swedish and published by Natur och Kultur in Stockholm. Professor Scott, who is now at Northwestern University, studied Bernadotte in Sweden with a Fellowship from the American-Scandinavian Foundation.

*Norwegian Settlement in the United States* by Carlton G. Qualey is the latest publication of the Norwegian-American Historical Association which has its headquarters in Northfield, Minn. It is a painstaking study of the expansion westward of Norwegian immigration from its beginning in 1825. It is a record of dates, names, and numbers and as such valuable, though not a book for the general reader. The text is bolstered with tables and with maps giving the distribution of Norwegian immigrants. Price \$3.00.

Christopher Ward has published for the Tercentenary a short, readable volume entitled *New Sweden on the Delaware*. It is drawn with some alterations from the larger work of the author *The Dutch and Swedes on the Delaware, 1609-64* and will be appreciated by those who like to have their history of New Sweden as a unit by itself. There is an excellent map but no illustrations. The new volume, like the former, is issued by the University of Pennsylvania Press. Price \$1.50.



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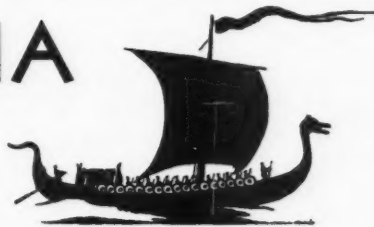
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The Swedish Tourist Society's annual, published in Swedish, is devoted this year mainly to the grand old province of Östergötland, the home of St. Birgitta and of many other famous women and men. As usual with the publications of the Tourist Society the contributors are among the best known writers in Sweden, and there are a number of excellent illustrations. The annual report of what the society has done to facilitate travel is impressive.

Gudrun Löchen Drewsen, who lived for many years in New York, has written a book of reminiscences entitled *Man minnes mangt* which is published by Aschehoug in Norway. Mrs. Drewsen has met and entertained a great many of the distinguished Scandinavians who have passed through New York in the course of years, and her book contains little side lights on Brandes, Nansen, Holger Drachmann, the explorer Carl Lumholts and many lesser celebrities. It is charmingly illustrated with the author's own drawings.

*The Book of Festivals*, by Dorothy Gladys Spicer, covers the festival days, folkways, and customs of thirty-seven different nations including Denmark, Finland, Norway, and Sweden. It is based on foreign travel and careful study; the author has spared no pains

to make it accurate. The volume is intended as a handbook for librarians, teachers, social workers, and directors of pageants, and as such will be found very helpful. (The Woman's Press, New York. Price \$3.00.)

An appealing chapter in the history of early immigration is the Swedish settlement at Pine Lake, Wisconsin, which, by the way, Fredrika Bremer visited in 1850 and of which she gave a very sympathetic description. The colonists suffered much in the beginning through ignorance of American farming conditions. Their pastor, Rev. Gustav Unonius, afterwards returned to Sweden and wrote his memoirs. Based partly on these, but partly on other sources, Dr. Filip A. Forsbeck, of Milwaukee, has written a book entitled *New Upsala, the First Swedish Settlement in Wisconsin* in which, largely quoting the early accounts, he tells the story of the colony.

A little tale giving a pleasant but somewhat romanticized picture of rural Norway is *The Enchanted Valley*, a story and legend of Christmas in Telemark in olden times, by Olav K. Lundeberg with illustrations by Eldrid Thorpe. It is published by the Augsburg Publishing House in Minneapolis.

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## THE TALES OF ENSIGN STÅL

By JOHAN LUDVIG RNEBERG

*Translated from the Swedish by*  
CHARLES WHARTON STORK  
*With an Introduction by YRJÖ HIRN*

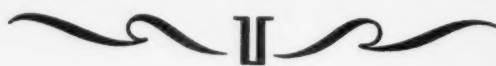
JOHAN LUDVIG RNEBERG has been acclaimed by Sir Edmund Gosse as the greatest patriotic poet of all times. He was a child of four when Finland was conquered by Russia in the war of 1808-09. As a youth he heard stories of the desperate fighting and he worked these stories into a cycle of poems which he put in the mouth of an old veteran, Ensign Stål. Professor Yrjö Hirn, in his introduction to the present volume, says of it that "all the sentiments of devotion to home and land that had existed in Finland from of old came to full consciousness through it." And the tales, describing in noble verse the selfless devotion of poor peasants to their land and their heroic resistance against overwhelming odds, created an ideal. Young people held great meetings and pledged their loyalty to their country and their resolve to work for its complete liberation. It is hardly too much to say that these poems, published in the middle of the nineteenth century, have been the greatest single factor in creating the free Finland which rose out of the World War.

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